

Uttarpur, Jharkhand, India. 14/10/74
Accn No 4711 .17.10.74.



CICELY OF RABY.

ERE the world and all its sickening vanities are shut upon me for ever, let me finish, for you, my beloved friend, the long recital I have engaged in.

After Orleans quitted me, I employed myself in packing up the few valuable ornaments which belonged to me. The time approached fast in which I was to quit for ever the towers of my fathers; I had to cross the large western hall; the rays of the setting sun shed a golden light through the storied window, and

fell on the pictures of my ancestors. I thought they seemed to reproach and look wistfully on me:—"Ah!" I exclaimed, "the long-foretold prophecy, whose accomplishment has been so anxiously hoped for by the Nevilles, in Cicely shall not be fulfilled! from some other branch may spring kings and rulers—blot my name from amongst you, ye lords of Raby!"

I quitted the hall, my soul filled with sadness, and entering my own apartment, endeavoured to shake off the impression. I threw open my casement: "Why sits this heaviness at my heart? whilst Orleans was with me I felt it not. The gale of spring blew on me; its balmy freshness stole on my gladdened senses, and threw a transitory calm upon them. I thought of the promised cottage, as the birds carolled forth their evening-song."

I saw Jaques pace, with trembling
steps,

steps, his white hair floating with the wind, towards the wood, where the duke had told me the horses which were to bear us were concealed. Spite of love, spite of all my resolution, tears found their way when I lost sight of the venerable Jaques.

Already the sun was sinking beyond the hills which bounded the park, and ere midnight—yes, long ere midnight, was I to quit the Castle of Raby, where oft I had anxiously watched, as I now did, the setting luminary. My father seemed present to my view; kneeling, I cried—“Aid me, every saint! so long the guardians of the house of Fitz-Maldred, the protectors of Raby! give me resolution to sustain this trying season, or at once frustrate every plan I have laid!”

I heard the trampling of horses, and resumed my station at the window.—“This,” said I, “is no longer the pace

of lord Westmoreland—it is that of my brother Richard.”

A troop of horsemen appeared ; they galloped into the court ; they wore the badge of the Nevilles ; their leader lifted his helmet, and I beheld in him sir John Neville, the warden of the western marches, the eldest son of lord Westmoreland ! “ Alas ! ” thought I, “ some disaster has befallen my father ; what brings, at the head of an armed troop, the heir of Raby ? ”

I was not long in suspense. My brother leaped off his steed ; the duke of Orleans appeared. A conversation, which lasted but a few minutes, took place between them, when my brother holding the reins of a horse, which was brought into the court by a page, the prince vaulted on the saddle. I had not power to speak, or even move, as he cast his eyes where I stood, and laying his hand on his heart, hastily bowed in agonizing silence,

silence, while his countenance wore an air of distraction. The whole party galloped off with the same celerity they had advanced to Raby, taking the road which, in an hour's time, I should have gone.

Amazed, confounded, lost in conjecture, I kept my station till my aching eyes could no longer distinguish the troop which accompanied the duke. The sound of their steps still was heard; they grew fainter and fainter; I scarce breathed lest I should lose the last echo. Long after it had faded on my ear, I yet imagined, at intervals, I heard them.

Father Francis entered my apartment, newly returned from his little journey. "Ah! why, I conjure you tell me, is the duke carried hence so guarded?"

"Alas! my child, I know not. Behold, this is the order brought, by your brother, for his delivery. It is signed by the king, and countersigned by the

earl, who also wrote to me. Yet does not his letter fully elucidate this business; your father here says—‘ For reasons of state it is necessary, and the peace of England, that the duke of Orleans should be more closely confined—that he must instantly quit Raby; to which place I shall not return till the king embarks again for France, which will shortly take place; meanwhile, watch over my hapless child, my darling Cicely. Alas! the sad blow my fondest hopes for her have sustained quickly must bring to the grave the grey hairs of thy friend

WESTMORELAND.’

“ Ah! is it Cicely? is it for her that the earl mourns? Let me support myself—let me not add to his sorrow!”

Now kneeling, I prayed the good father to accompany me to the king. “ I will throw myself at his feet—I will confess my meditated flight. Did not the duke too truly prophesy, when he

said

said my visit to the ruin would be fatal to his hopes? Ah! perhaps he has fallen a sacrifice to the jealousy of duke Humphrey!"

I spent the night in vain conjecture, and in raving against my destiny. In vain, till morning visited again the earth, did the good father entreat I would try to take some rest; but the wearied look of my venerable friend spoke then more forcibly than all his arguments had hitherto done.

"Wretch that I am!" I exclaimed, "thus to grieve all who love me! I will go and endeavour at composing myself, whilst you, my second parent, take that rest you so much require."

Father Francis, blessing me with more than usual fervour, retired. I threw myself on my couch; it was moistened by my tears; sleep weighed not down my eyelids. I rose; I inquired for Jaques, and was informed he had left

the castle the evening before, and had not yet returned. I doubted not his accompanying his master.

My senses began to wander. I sent to the venerable father; he attended, and assisted my devotions in the chapel of Raby; I prayed for resignation to the will of Heaven, for composure of mind, and fortitude to bear those sufferings with which I was afflicted; my prayers were accepted; I left the chapel with an added portion of each. I offered to go and taste the freshness of the evening.

“Go,” said the father, “in peace!”

Nature seemed to wear a sickly hue; the flowers sprung unregarded, and the song of the birds was not heard. The ring given me by the duke was still on my finger. I kissed and pressed it to my bosom; then throwing myself on a little bank—“Ah!” said I, “my father, is it Cicely, the prop, the stay of your declining age—ah! that should be so,
but

but is no longer!—is it her who is to bring your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave? No! this heart shall break first; I will not complain; my face shall wear the peace which my breast can never again know. Yet let me reflect.—Was I not about to quit all, and follow Orleans? Ah, yes! Cicely would have done this; yet, on his side, was not the sacrifice equally great? Wealth, rank, all he would have renounced for me; a small farm, a cottage in Piedmont, would alone have remained to the prince of all his rich domains; yet there, in each other's society, we should have found that happiness we have vainly sought in gilded palaces—Yes, Charles, lost to the world, its idle vanities in which we had mingled would appear but as a dream.”

I sighed, and the peaceful cot, so oft pictured in my mind, rose to it. I saw Orleans returning from the chase; the

table was spread with simple fare; I welcomed his return; he laid his spoils at my feet. The pleasing vision melted; it gave way to a long train of cheerless thoughts.

Father Francis found and attended me back to the castle. What was my surprise to hear of the arrival of the countess of Northumberland! I threw my arms round her neck; I wept. Ah, Matilda! those tears that dropped upon my cheek fell like rain on a parched land; never did I feel more relieved than thus pouring out my soul on the bosom of this beloved sister.

“How comes it,” said I, “Eleanor, that I see you, my loved sister, at Raby?”

“Confined,” said she, “at Warkworth, by the birth of another son, when my lord attended the court, he wrote me from York of your projected marriage; I was resolved to be present, and ere I

was

was sufficiently able, set out, and reached York the very day you left it on your fatal expedition; since then I have been confined to my chamber by sickness. The king has given to my lord the government of Berwick, and confirmed to him the wardenship of the eastern marches, whilst to our mother he has committed, during his absence, the guardianship of the queen; thus heaping honours upon the family, that he may, to them, in some measure, compensate for the loss of so powerful an alliance."

Eleanor also informed me her lord was gone into Northumberland, but that she had resolved, although her presence was almost indispensable at Warkworth, to visit, and administer what comfort she could to me.

Soothed by her kindness, I regained some degree of tranquillity ere a message from her lord hastened her departure.

ture. My grief for her loss was mitigated by the return, the same day, of my father. He appeared thoughtful and dejected, and complaining of fatigue, retired to his chamber.

My ideas, restless and agitated, brooded over past hopes and fears; dread of the future too occupied me, till sleep sealed my heavy eyelids, and presented me with visions that corresponded with my waking thoughts. Methought I saw lord Beauchamp—"Behold," he cried, "behold, Cicely, our infant son!" and he pointed to a lovely child, who was seated at the feet of the duke of Orleans. I stooped to caress the sweet boy, but a sea of blood rolled over the late-enamelled green, and swept him from my sight. In vain I screamed—in vain were the duke's attempts to save him—scarcely had he time to escape the threatened danger, which, as it flowed over the plain, dyed my garments of its sanguine

sanguine hue. Shrieking with horror, I awoke.

Again I slept. I stood now on a high hill; a majestic river drew a waving silver line through cultivated fields and vineyards. Again I saw lord Beauchamp; his air was more than human. He beckoned; I touched not the ground as I followed. I stood on the banks of the Loire; the towers of Bidet rose to my view. "Behold, Cicely," cried lord Beauchamp, "the guardian of thy child!" and he pointed to Orleans, who stood again with my son at the gates of Bidet. They endeavoured to cross the water, but their steps were marked with blood. "Desist!" said the voice of some one I saw not; "nor Beauchamp nor Orleans is the lot of Cicely!" A wild boar rushed into the water; he seized me, in spite of the opposition of Orleans, and bore me off.

Here my vision ended, and I arose to
avoid

avoid a repetition of fancied agony, which, to my feelings, was not “unreal mockery,” but sharp, sharp pangs of fearful sorrows.

With a heart corroded by anguish, yet soothed by a sense of duty, I met my father. The tears rolled down his cheeks, as kneeling I implored his blessing.—“Oh ! grant it, my lord, to her who, betrayed by love, asks your forgiveness ! Ah, my father ! let not the wretched creature who owes her being to you, to whose wishes, to whose failings, you have ever been kindly indulgent, bend your old age with sorrow to the grave ! Oh ! promise me, my father, I shall not again quit the shades of Raby ; let me watch and attend your steps ; that alone shall employ your child, who forgot, for a short space, her duty.”

My father raised and embraced me. “I grant,” said he, “my darling child, your request ; my days wear fast to a close,

close, the declining path shall be smoothed by thy tenderness. I would, Cicely, have given you the protection of a rank thou wert born to adorn—I would have given the Rose of Raby to a prince accomplished and virtuous; but, alas!" continued the earl, as he wiped off the tear which dimmed his sight, "those fond hopes are for ever blasted!"

My father now proceeded to inform me that as soon as the messenger reached the king at York, whom he had dispatched from the ruin, a band of soldiers were sent, who watched day and night. Henry dreaded not the phantoms who were said to inhabit there; and convinced it was a scheme of his enemies to defeat a match which would have secured him a passage over the Loire, and a footing in the heart of France, determined, ere he left Yorkshire, to visit the castle himself; supposing those traitors were yet concealed in or near it, he doubted

doubted not that at length famine would oblige them to reveal themselves; “for this end, assuming a disguise, he proceeded thither with me.

“A person was taken near the ruin, on whom were found letters from the duke of Orleans, by which means the whole was discovered, although the exact place where John of Orleans was concealed was yet a mystery. In vain were questions put to our prisoner, till, advancing up to me, with a bold and determined air, he cried—‘Know you not, Ralph of Raby, the baron of Tynham? recollect you not the marvellous escape you had, twenty-one years ago, in this forest?’

“I started with surprise, and recollected the enmity borne me by the baron, whom I now saw stand before me, though long supposed dead. ‘Is it,’ I cried, ‘possible thou art Richard of Tynham! Speak! what wouldst thou say

say of that night—that strange, eventful, fearful night?’

‘That night you were told,’ he continued, ‘a band, chosen from the firmest of king Richard’s friends, had solemnly sworn to avenge his death. Unknown to Henry, he was surrounded by them; I—yes, I glory in it!—I was the chief of the conspirators! Your miraculous escape, the defeat of our party, threw a damp over, and changed our plans. Quitting the palace of Henry of Lancaster, I stirred up the Mortimers to assert their right. After the fatal day at Shrewsbury I took refuge in Wales. My head was proscribed by Henry.

‘From thence I sailed to France. Laying aside my rank, I was received into the magnificent household of Louis, duke of Orleans. I was the tutor, in all martial exercises, of his sons, for all of whom I felt the attachment of a parent; by John of Orleans, his illegitimate

mate

mate child, I was even considered as one. With him I continued after the fatal defeat of the French at Agincourt, when duke Charles was taken prisoner, to obtain whose liberty various schemes were tried without success.

‘At length my noble master informed me, that to detach his brother from the interest of France, the king of England meant to bestow on him a lady of the royal house of Lancaster, with a princely dowry; that he would go to England in disguise, in hopes of dissuading the prince from engagements so detrimental to France, and would either die in the attempt or succeed. He readily accepted my offer of accompanying him. I learnt it was a daughter of thine the duke was to marry, and entered with ardour into the plan of detaching Orleans from her. Descended from the family to which this castle appertained, I alone am in possession of a clue to its apartments.

apartments. Prepare your racks! your tortures! gladly I will sustain them! I will joyfully die for the cause of the martyred Richard, nor deem it possible I will ever be tempted to betray my loved master! No!’ exalting his voice, ‘John of Orleans! my life for thine!’

“Henry ordered him to be taken away; and dismissing every one from his presence but myself, said he would send without delay to Raby, to bring from thence the duke, who there was not safe. ‘Under such a leader France would recover herself; inspired by his valour, again her troops might be victorious. Ah, Westmoreland! what must it have cost him to refuse your lovely daughter! This shews the greatness of his soul. Why cannot I call him friend! Ah! why cannot I say the hand of the fair Rose of Raby is his unconditionally!’

“Sir John Neville headed, by the king’s particular desire, the detachment.

Apprehending

Apprehending you would not be conscious of what was going to take place, I wrote not to you, nor sent any message. After the departure of my son, again the king talked of Orleans; then we reverted to his brother, whose heroism had led him into such danger. ‘He knows not Henry of Lancaster,’ he continued, ‘or he would trust to his clemency.’

“A door opened, and a figure which, from a strong resemblance to the duke, convinced me it was his brother, entered, and, kneeling to the king, presented him the hilt of his sword.—‘John of Orleans,’ said he, ‘yields to the king of England; I know my life is forfeited, yet trust to your generosity, and throw myself wholly into your power.’

‘Rise, sir knight,’ said the king, as he touched the shoulder of his noble suppliant with his sword; ‘alike rivals for power, for glory, and dominion, the houses of Valois and Plantagenet shall
equally

equally contest the palm of generosity. You are free; an escort shall be granted you; your ship is safe. Carry with you this truth—Henry wishes to be the father of both nations. Let the remembrance of this live with you, that, secure in the hearts of his people, in England he reigns—nor plots, nor conspiracies, shall ever avail his enemies.’

“The baron of Tynham was ordered to attend. He started back as he entered, at beholding the son of duke Louis, who cried—‘Wonder not at thus seeing me here; I heard from my concealment the noble and generous sentiments of the king of England, and relied upon his mercy.’

“Henry, addressing himself to the baron, said—‘Equally with thyself was I educated amidst the splendour of the misguided Richard’s court. At my accession to that throne my father had filled with equal prudence and good fortune,

fortune, I owned my obligations to that unfortunate prince by pardoning all those who had taken arms to revenge him; why did you not then take advantage of the offered grace?

‘Then,’ replied the baron, ‘I was in France.’

‘Ah, my friend,’ cried the noble stranger, ‘why do you hesitate now to kneel, and ask that pardon you then overlooked, renewing your allegiance to a sovereign worthy of such a subject? Nor will the gracious Henry less highly estimate your worth for the steady attachment you have evinced to his unhappy kinsman.’

‘I grant,’ said the king, ‘ere you ask it, what your countenance already implores; nay, more—I place you near my person, and expect you will serve me with equal fidelity you did my cousin Richard. Ah! let not my country be torn by dissensions! If another of the
descendants

‘descendants of the victorious Edward be more worthy of the crown I wear, to him gladly would I resign it to preserve peace to England.’

‘None but you,’ exclaimed the baron, throwing himself at the king’s feet, ‘is worthy to wear the crown of the Plantagenets! Why did I madly persist in disowning such a prince?’

“The king was accompanied to York by the late inhabitants of the ruins. The duke of Orleans arrived nearly at the same time. The meeting of the brothers was such as might be expected from souls as exalted as theirs. Orleans confirmed to his brother, as a mark of his esteem, the lordship of Dunois. His father had borne the title of count of Dunois amongst the list of honours which belonged to him.

“A ship lay in the Humber, appointed to carry the brother of Orleans to France; here then they parted. ‘Adieu!’
he

he cried to the duke; ‘preserve inviolate your honour; losing it, you lose the esteem of our noble, our generous foe, the valiant king of England! Behold not again the Rose of Raby—reason itself must fall before her.’

‘If we meet not again,’ replied Orleans, ‘till we meet in the land of spirits, your kindness, your friendship, shall not be forgotten; I will not disgrace the house from whence I sprung; nor Charles nor Henry shall accuse Orleans of treachery; he will not lift his arm against a land he was born to defend!—Openly avowing this to the gallant English and their generous king, he yet promises, by no means however likely, to endeavour his escape.’

‘Ah! why,’ said Henry, ‘are we foes? My heart longs to acknowledge you as a friend—yes, as the friend of my inmost soul, the prince I am obliged to guard as a prisoner. Trust me, Orleans,
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It gives me a pang most severe, that instead of indulging my inclination, and saying, Orleans, you are free—go where you list—I must, as the guardian of my people's safety, again imprison you, conscious that your presence must be of more importance to France than whole armies. Should peace again gladden the rival nations, then may I give, and Orleans receive with honour, the long-sought-for, long-contested hand of the Rose of Raby.'

"Orleans is now, my child, at Windsor; the gracious and valiant king, with his troops, in France. He has left John duke of Bedford regent. The countess of Westmoreland stays with the queen till she embarks for France, or Henry returns to England. Impatient to behold you, impatient to return to the shades of Raby, I parted with your mother, whose duty will make her return uncertain. Old age creeps fast upon me; here shall I lay down my life."

“Ah! who then,” said I, bursting into tears, “will guide—who will protect Cicely? Talk not thus of dying!” and I threw my arms round the neck, and kissed the furrowed brow of this venerable parent, forgetting every other sad, every painful idea, but that one which pressed on my heart heavily, most heavily.

“Be comforted, my child,” said the earl; “I shall gently yield to the common enemy of mankind; like the tall oak, which rises proudly pre-eminent, I have long flourished, and cast a fostering shade over those who sought my shelter, but the retreating sap leaves me now a dry and withered trunk, no longer a shade or protection; those who go by shall scorn what once they sought, and the Scot may riot over the land, whilst Ralph of Raby no longer is able to lift the massy sword of his fathers!”

Ere I left my father, he gave into my hands a letter, which he said contained
the

the last adieu of the duke of Orleans. Pressing it to my lips, I put it in my bosom, and walked to the spot where I had been witness to the prince's despair, and where, seeing him at my feet, the earl had first conceived the design of uniting our fates.

By a strange concurrence of events, this letter has been preserved to me, amidst wars, tumults, and change of residence; it now lays by me, Matilda. Ah! as I look on it, my ideas wander back with such force to the period it was written in, I scarce can command my pen to transcribe it! Read, my friend, this effusion of a mind so ill at ease:—

“Orleans writes to Cicely; yet to what purpose? Is it to say his love is unchanged?—that it must ever remain so?—that time, absence, nay, old age itself, will not affect that? Need I say

this? Does not Cicely know how light I deem all sufferings but losing her? Ah, Cicely! you are at Raby: what part of it can you find where some action of the once-rash Charles recalls him not to you? The sycamore spreads, perhaps, as you read this, its broad leaves over you, beneath whose shade you sat when the earl, watching the agonized feelings of Orleans, pitied, and resolved to complete his happiness. Does the white rose, Cicely, thy fair, thy spotless emblem, still flourish there? Yes, there did the then-happy Orleans plant it; when last at Raby, its buds were swelling to burst forth; as yet no blossom had adorned it; meek lilies shot their silver heads beneath, marking the spot once crimson;—are they not dear to me?—were they not set there by the fair hand of my love?

“ At Bidet, youthful, unrepulsed by the frowns of fate, unchecked by misfortune,

fortune, the world was too little for my ambition. When I found you were fled, that you shunned and despised me, I was in a state of madness, and would have sacrificed myself, my country, every thing dear, could my revenge have been gratified.

“ Orleans, a prisoner in England, became the dupe of a wicked, a designing woman; at Barcelona, stirred up by her arts, rage, misguided jealousy, inflamed two souls, animated with one darling object. Ah, Cicely! would to God I had fallen! But let me not murmur at the will of heaven; worse evils in England might have awaited to crush thee.

“ I was not undeceived till at Raby, where, spurred on to madness by the accursed lady Warwick, I would have done deeds I shudder at. The mild virtues which beamed round the enslaver of the headstrong, the impetuous Orleans, meliorated his soul, and engrafted

on the ardour of love all that adoration her character merited. Yes, Cicely, you moulded me into reason; a friendship, tender and sincere, more lasting than passion, confirmed me yours for ever. You saw the change; the gentle heart of Cicely yielded to the effects of her own power. Happy, fleeting moments! dear are you to my recollection!

“I returned to my prison; I heard you were in danger; I flew on the wings of love to Warkworth. Ah! as I marked your countenance, ever beaming with the lovely emanations of your soul, then glowing with feeling you durst not trust your tongue to give utterance to, I felt I must be uniform in my conduct, curbing every wild flight, and that my character must approach your own.

“I saw the carl; he gave me hopes; ‘but Cicely,’ he said, ‘must be gained by assiduity, by respectful attention—her heart is no common one. The soul
of

of my child is as exalted as her person is beautiful ; nor is her destiny a vulgar one ; a prince alone shall wed Cicely ; Orleans alone shall win the prize so many have contended for—where shall she find a prince so accomplished ? Yes, Cicely, thus spake your father ; thus was I kindly taught to look up to the summit of my wishes.

“ I saw the king ; every thing was settled regarding my enlargement ; I followed the court to York. You were surrounded by princes and nobles, who humbly sued for your hand, and the *Rose of Raby* was the theme of every song ; it was echoed from every banquet, and the white rose was worn by all the gay and the gallant.

“ Humphrey of Gloucester alone of those princes alarmed me as a rival. Would not Henry yield to his wishes ? Ah, Cicely ! still the hours spent with

you at York are numbered among the happiest of my life.

“ After your escape on the Ouse, the earl declared to you his wishes; still I dreaded a refusal; but you did not refuse—nay, consented, but on condition of visiting the fatal ruin. In vain did I—in vain your father dissuaded. Ah, Cicely! that night—its horrors! still the impression sits on my soul!—I was recalled to what I owed my country. How nearly had I plunged you into fresh misery! Written in bloody characters, my name would have been handed down to the latest posterity. A debt I was incapable of paying was mine; I resolved my heart, though breaking with hopeless love, should no more make me forget my duty to France—to the country which my race was given to for rulers, for defenders.

“ I was forcibly conveyed to Raby,
yet

yet resolved not to see you. The earl went again to court; again we met. Ah, Cicely! those interviews! the cottage in Piedmont—does it live in your memory? In mine it is sacred for ever!

“The hour was fixed for our departure; the horses already at the place of destination; I was writing to the earl, and representing to him that the step I was about to take would at once fulfil my engagements to him, and secure my honour to my country; a horn sounded at the gate. It would have been madness to resist the order brought by your brother; I asked but for a moment’s delay, which was refused. You saw me depart without my having it in my power to say adieu.

“To my brother I again promised not to seek with you an interview. Oh Cicely! what a sacrifice have I made to what I deemed my duty! Yet for this no statue shall perpetuate my me-

mory, no history record the dear-bought victory; my life shall wear away inactive; marked on my tomb, it will be found that Orleans died a captive. Why did Heaven bestow on me activity of limbs—a body capable of bearing the fatigues of war? As well might I have been some weakly child of prosperity, who, nursed in the lap of luxury, shuddered at the passing blast.

“Need I repeat to you the generous behaviour of Henry, who, although he declared no ransom should liberate me, yet pressed me to his bosom and nobly avowed his esteem?

“Love, duty, honour, why are you thus at variance?—will they, can they ever be reconciled? The first made me at Agincourt a prisoner; yes, there, Cicely, you triumphed for England! Orleans madly rushed on danger; yielding to duty, compelled by honour, I am still in England, still am I a prisoner

my

my thoughts are fixed on you ; the midnight taper is wasted in the socket ; I will try if sleep varies not my ideas.

“ Ah, no, no, Cicely ! I take again my pen. Can you read what is written—so unconnected, so incoherent ? Do you drop a tear to my woes, as when at Raby, you, the fair star of the north, urged by pity, became the nurse of the frantic Orleans !

“ I promised the earl I would but say adieu ; the cold expressions he bade me use froze on my pen.—Ah ! could I say hate ~~not~~ think not of me, banish me your remembrance—could I do this ? No, Cicely ! whilst I live, my heart is the shrine you shall be best worshipped in ! Yet will I suffer in silence, nor will I again wound her peace, whose gentle soul should not know sorrow, could Orleans be her shield ! I ask but that sometimes you will think of me.

“ So engrossed have I been by myself,

I had almost neglected saying that ere I parted with my brother, I delegated to him a charge I hoped would have been mine. He goes to Castile; he will see your child; if he finds it prudent, he brings him to France; amidst the shades of Bidet he shall be privately reared, with all the care befitting the heir of Orleans. Thus, Cicely, shall the malice of lady Warwick be defeated; there shall he bloom, where the fatal curse of D'Aranjeus shall not reach him.

“Ah! may the care, the tender, the parental care, I shall take of this lovely blossom, so fatally torn from its supporting branches, in part expiate the offences of the rash Orleans!

“Oh Cicely! prayers, alms, penitence, are they not powerful? will they find an acceptance at the throne of mercy?

“But I linger. Alas! how is it possible I should bear to pronounce what such despair is annexed to, as I feel
when

when saying adieu! Oh yes, for ever,
Cicely, adieu! sighs out your repentant
ORLEANS."

Hours, days, weeks elapsed, Matilda, yet instead of regaining composure of mind, I was sinking under dejection, and in vain combatted it at Raby; where could I find a spot which did not recall him to my mind, which did not also bring with it other recollections equally painful? I spent my time mostly in the recess, where, sheltered by the ancient yew-tree and spreading sycamore, grew the white rose planted by the duke.

The earl dreaded a fatal suspension of my mental faculties, and hoping change of scene might affect an alteration, proposed my accompanying him to Naworth Castle, the baronial house of Gilsland, to visit its noble owners, lord and lady
Dacre.

Dacre. Here were we met by our beloved sister Percy, and hither came my brother Henry and the gentle Agnes. Lord Dacre was, equally with her, descended from the noble family of Douglas, his mother being a daughter of that powerful house.

Lovely in her mourning dress, the fair face of Agnes looked like a bright star peeping from a murky cloud. Lady Douglas was gone to seek that rest in another world she seldom allowed herself to know in this. She had commissioned her daughter to present some valuable remembrances to her worthy kinsman lord Dacre and his spouse, as even they had felt her hatred to the house of Neville; and when her charming daughter begged her mother's dying request might be complied with, and that all which had passed might be forgot, lord Dacre replied by begging her to wear a golden buckle, which was once his mother's;

ther's;—"Take it," he cried, "as a mark of that esteem which makes me proud to present you to my lady as the wife of her brother."

Amongst the numerous family of the earl of Westmoreland, lady Dacre most resembled him; possessed of every virtue which dignifies our sex, qualities were added which are supposed more particularly to belong to the other.

Her height was beyond the generality of women, her person majestic and graceful, and she received what her aspect impressed, equal respect and love. In the absence of her lord, his vassals confided in the prudence, the presence of mind she possessed, which so oft had protected and saved them and their cattle from the swords, from the depredations of the fierce Galwegians, to whose wild and desultory inroads this part of the country is so open. Reverenced by her children, she was a sharer in her lord's

lord's inmost councils, who joined, in his manner to her, the lover and the friend of her virtues. Such a woman was Philippa ! a blessing to the country she presided in, she seemed its guardian goddess.

In the society of this amiable sister my sorrows calmed. " Seek peace," she said, " by fulfilling those duties to which you are called by your station in life, by relative situations. Exert yourself, Cicely : your heart is noble, is generous—it too deeply suffers ; lose not every virtue in black despair, nor talk of a convent ; alive to every feeling, can you find aught there to fill your heart ? Better, my child, is piety shewn by an active life of benevolence ; shrink not from the part allotted you ; the declining age of our venerable parent must be smoothed by you. You have again to meet your mother ; how severely will she reproach you, on whom her hopes are still
fixed

fixed for the fulfilling the long-expected prophecy; will she not, Cicely, chide to see that beauty wasted in sighs and tears she expects to see ornament a throne? At Raby, ere I married my noble lord, even I, with all my stock of resolution, trembled at the presence of the haughty descendant of John of Gaunt."

Thus did lady Dacre, with all the tenderness of a parent, inculcate her maxims. They sunk deep on my soul; they remained engraven for ever; they have tintured every action of my life. On the gentle heart of Eleanor I poured out my sorrows; she soothed, she mourned with me my fate.

Agnes had attended lady Douglas in her last illness, and her health had received a severe shock; scarce was she able to join in our little amusements. Her form, ever light and graceful, seemed now fragile to a degree, and the tender and anxious looks of my brother proclaimed

claimed his fears; they accelerated the parting of the beloved circle of friends, as lord Henry wished to take his gentle spouse into a warmer air than that of Naworth ere winter, which now approached fast. If you were ever, my Matilda, in Gilsland, you will recollect the keenness of the air, the height and wildness of the hills, oft concealed by the clouds that rest on their summits, which are bleak and exposed to the storm, though their sides, clothed with wood, afford a refuge for the wild boar, and often the less merciful rifler. From Naworth you look upon a vale rich and fertile; the river Irthing winds through it, and the priory of Lennercoste (to which the pious barons of Gilsland have been the chief benefactors) grace it. I left those wild and romantic scenes with regret, heightened by parting with lord and lady Dacre, whose characters shone brighter the more I viewed them.

Erc

Ere we reached Hexham we were overtaken by a storm of snow; fatigue and cold triumphed over the delicate frame of Agnes; she gave birth to an infant, who scarce lived to behold the light of heaven (an event not expected for some time); there too the gentle spirit of this fair creature burst the bonds of mortality. Agnes lies buried in the abbey of Hexham, the storm not suffering the body to be removed. Sorrowing, my brother returned to Naworth; nor did he very long survive his beloved wife—following her to the grave, whose death made for ever a blank in his life.

At Newcastle we parted with lady Northumberland. Returned to Raby, my father found me acting up to my duty; lady Dacre seemed to have infused into my soul a portion of her fortitude; and soon after I experienced the death of my revered benefactor, the venerable father Francis, and concealed my grief;

grief; in endeavouring to abate the shock the earl's spirits received, I felt myself acting up to what my sister had said was my duty.

Katherine had brought forth, at Windsor, a prince and heir to the crowns of France and England. Jacqueline, heiress of Holland and Hainault, had taken refuge in England from the duke of Brabant, a husband whom she scrupled not to declare hatred to; hoping to procure a divorce from the pope, she had affianced herself to Humphrey duke of Gloucester. The countess of Westmoreland, to whom Henry had committed the charge of his queen, expected the honour of being sponsor to the royal infant, but Gloucester had the office bestowed on Jacqueline. Katherine sought but for a pretext to break with the aunt of Henry, whom she looked on as if placed as a spy, and whose manners, haughty and distant, accorded not with hers,

hers, who had been educated to the voluptuous court kept by queen Isabella, her mother. The countess quitted her charge in disgust, and, in the depth of winter, surprised us by her sudden appearance at Raby.

The fatigue of a journey at so unseasonable a time of year, together with the agitation of mind she had suffered, brought on a fever. I was her attendant. In vain were all the medicines given by physicians brought from many miles distant; prayers and masses too were without avail. My mother paid the debt all must pay; a funeral, splendid as her station, was bestowed on her remains. She was interred in the church of Staindrop. I shrunk not from the task to suffer; I remembered lady Dacre: "The path allotted us by Heaven," said she, "let us not forsake; let us cheer, as is our duty, him that fainteth by the way."

One

One misfortune following so fast upon another, my father seemed to sink beneath them. He sent for an eminent workman, whom he employed in constructing a monument for himself and his wives; in this he took a melancholy pleasure. I too had my pleasures; the returning spring brought forth again the lilies; they were my morning and evening care; nor did I now dread visiting the monument of lord Beauchamp, into which I had conveyed all the books and other matters of improvement given me by father Francis. Here did I study at once to mend my heart, and improve talents nature never should bestow in vain. By such means did I endeavour to chase thoughts which would have driven me to distraction, and rendered me unfit for every exertion.

The gates of Raby were shut to all but our relations and immediate dependants; the sound of mirth no longer echoed

echoed in its lofty halls, and the domestics, grown grey in the service of its lord, partook of the gloom which hung over it.

The death of the king burst upon us like a clap of thunder, and roused us from the quiet we experienced.

“For you, my child,” said my father, “I doubly grieve; ah! who, had Henry lived, would have dared to insult and to wrong you! A sad presentiment of evil sits at my heart; the prophecy so long expected, regarding the house of Raby, is yet unfulfilled; it accords with the vision—with what the phantom declared to me at the fatal ruin. Oh Cicely! my child! what misery may thou have to sustain!—England the scene of bloody war! Had Orleans been thy husband, thou hadst been safe, nor would the land of thy fathers have known the misery which, alas! I fear is in store for her! Yet are not the decrees of Providence inscrutable? let us bow in silence.”

The

The king had left the earl of Warwick governor to his infant son, and had appointed the duke of Bedford regent of France, as was his brother Gloucester of England, to whom he had given strict injunctions not to liberate the duke of Orleans. Yet calling to him the baron of Tynham, who attended—"Carry," he said, "this to the duke of Orleans (giving into his hands a sword whose hilt was richly ornamented); let him use it in the cause of virtue and of honour; never has it been drawn in defiance of either."

In the flower of his days, in the prime of his glory, died the hero of England! The sad news was brought to Raby by the baron of Tynham; to the earl, to me, he bore sacred tokens of friendship; how dear to our hearts were they, Matilda!

"I go," said the baron, "to the abbey of Fontaine; there shall my days be ended;

ended; I shall die in the pious habit.— I am sick, Westmoreland, of this world; ah! I foresee a long train of evils hang over France and England: an infant reigns; how powerless is a sceptre wielded by a child! how weak is delegated power! already has the haughty Beaufort and the ambitious Gloucester quarrelled, nor can the prudence of Bedford restrain them.”

After the departure of Richard of Tynham nothing disturbed our calm. Winter again spread her snowy mantle over hill and dale; again Spring flung abroad her flowers, all nature wore her livery, yet all was uniform at Raby; our rides extended not beyond the bounds of the park, and the gay season imparted no more joy to the earl.

Tired with repeated refusals, the nobles who had sued for my hand now seemed to have forgot my being in existence, which was still as the standing
/ VOL. IV. D lake.

lake. Ah! in vain did I endeavour to banish Orleans from my thoughts. Had Henry lived, I had no need to sigh; peace had been given to both nations by his valour, by his prudence; then would the duke have been free; he would then not have refused the hand of Cicely.

The summer rolled over without change, but autumn gave a fresh blow to the declining age of my father. Sir John Neville, his eldest son, was then warden of the western Scottish marches; being heated in pursuit of some marauders, and hastily drinking some cold liquor, he was seized violently ill. His death was so sudden, he scarce had time to receive absolution, or settle his worldly affairs. His heir was a youth of a hasty and impetuous temper, yet were his dispositions such as promised he would not disgrace the valiant house from whence he sprung. With all the ardour of youth, he flew to Raby, to implore

plore the blessing of his noble grandsire, who, weeping, bestowed what he asked. —“Take then,” he cried, “my child, this sword; the representative of Fitz-Maldred, the heir of Raby, alone should wear it; mayest thou inherit with it the good fortune, the valour, of thy ancestors!”

Ah Matilda! he did inherit their valour; alas! you know the first wish of the earl was not answered.

“Never,” replied the generous youth, “my lord, shall Ralph Neville disgrace the name he so proudly owns!”

He sought and obtained, long ere he quitted Raby, my friendship.

Richard, the eldest son of the earl by the countess Joan, succeeded his brother as warden, and paid his respects at Raby, on his road to the borders. With him came his spouse, the rich heiress of the earl of Salisbury, and their infant daughter, named after me. I liked not

Richard; I marked even then his aspiring and ambitious temper, and saw him regard his open-hearted nephew with envy, with scorn.

Again we were left, and winter, as it gave way to spring, opened to us a new scene; for the match so long talked of, between James of Scotland and my beautiful and accomplished cousin Jane of Somerset, was at length agreed upon; immediately after which they set out on their journey to the North. To them and their numerous retinue the gates of Raby were thrown open, and mirth and splendour illumed again its so late gloomy walls.

“Orleans,” said the king, “charged me to deliver this into your hands, my fair cousin; accept it as a token of his friendship.”

It was a bunch of lilies composed of pearls, one of which opening, disclosed a heart of ruby, on which was inscribed
the

the duke's arms, and round it these words—THINE FOR EVER.

A present so vast seemed sufficient for a prince's ransom ; but you, my Matilda, have oft seen and admired the richness and beauty of it. Ah, fatal gift ! why did I receive it ! Yes, weeping I took it from James, ominous of its fate—of mine.

The presence of the king and queen of Scotland recalled to my mind those hours spent at York in their society ; happy days, never to return ! They saw through the disguise of joy which was thrown over my features ; oft, as Jane looked on me, her lovely eyes swam with tears, and oft the countenance of the amiable king expressed the pity his generous bosom felt.

Impatient to reach their kingdom, which had suffered so severely from the want of its sovereign, their stay was short at Raby. At Durham they were met

by many of the Scottish nobles; thither I accompanied my father, where he, together with the earl of Northumberland, lord Dacre, the bishop of Durham, and other nobles, contracted with James and the nobles of Scotland a truce between the nations.

“Allow us, my lord,” said the king to my father, “to carry with us your daughter; she shall be the hostage for the performance of your treaty.”

“Grant,” cried the charming queen, “our joint request; spare to my wishes, but for a short space, my beloved Cicely.”

My father could not withstand their repeated solicitations, and left it for me to determine. I consulted my sisters Philippa and Eleanor, both of whom had accompanied their lords to Durham.

“Go,” said lady Dacre; “unbend, my dear Cicely, your mind for a short space with the gay scenes of a court; you will return with more cheerfulness to your duty.”

duty. Too long have you been immured at Raby; let the Scottish nobles see all the beauty of the house of Beaufort was not spent upon their queen."

"Go, my sweet sister!" echoed lady Percy; "our father shall not want that care, that attention, you so truly pay him. My lord gladly will cherish the filial piety I feel. Shall the *Rose of Raby* wither in the shades? No; my charming Cicely shall adorn the court of James; to the beauteous queen you owe this mark of friendship."

At Alnwick I parted with my sisters, whose lords and many other persons of rank escorted us to Berwick; the earl of Westmoreland had accompanied Eleanor to Warkworth.

Arrived in Scotland, tilts, tournaments, and carousals, proclaimed the general joy. At the court of Scotland it became equally the fashion, as it had been in England, to wear the *white rose*,

a badge which has been so fatal. I trembled as I viewed it worn by each warlike and proud chief at every tournament and feast. The queen rejoiced at my triumph. Alas, Matilda! I did not; I foresaw the mischief it would cause amongst spirits fierce and untractable as the Scottish nobles.

No wonder an alliance with so powerful a family as the Nevilles, and whose wide-extended possessions and connexions were principally in the North, should be eagerly sought amongst those chieftains: how painful to me were the numberless refusals I had to make! which were attributed to some secret though favoured rival, against whom they scrupled not openly to declare vengeance, in terms so haughty, that I was assured, was it in their power, no scruples of conscience or dread of the king would deter them from wreaking their fury even on me.

In vain I looked for another Agnes Douglas; the ladies partook of the manners of their lords—rough and unpolished. I sighed to think the lovely queen, whose elegant mind reflected the graces of her person, must shrink from manners so uncongenial to her own; yet ere I left Scotland, her winning and graceful behaviour had sunk into their hearts, and the Scottish ladies seemed to emerge fast from the rough state I first found them in.

When I entered Scotland, I hoped every thane resembled my sister's loved and lamented Home or his friend Seton; disappointed, I turned with disgust from them. Yet were they not all such as I have described, nor did all fail to interest me; amongst this number was Lord Dumfries, whose noble air impressed you at first sight. His manners were frank and pleasing; his generosity, his valour, secured him the esteem of his

vassals, as his affability gained him their love. Attached by similarity of character, the king felt a regard for him equalled by his merit; he was constantly one of those with whom James, laying aside the monarch, chose to unbend his mind from state affairs. The evident partiality shewn by this chief to me was quickly remarked by the royal pair, to whom he declared his love, yet vowed he would never offend me by offering himself where so many had been refused, nor risk, by so doing, the loss of a friendship so highly prized as mine.

Conscious of his attachment, I lamented it was placed where no return could be made, except what was consistent with such a regard as I bore to my brothers; that regard, that partiality I felt, was, alas! Matilda, productive of nought but destruction—of evil which I narrowly escaped, yet which overwhelmed this amiable youth. The jealousy of
my

my suitors was raised ; they had at length an object to fix their malice upon.

The envious temper of Stuart, the son of the earl of Athol, uncle to the king, whose high rank made him deem himself entitled to my love, to the confidence of his sovereign, felt doubly mortified at the preference both gave to Dumfries. Stuart derided the virtues and accomplishments which had thrown me from that guarded indifference I had shewn, and he swore to be revenged.

I had long wished to return into England, yet still the tears of the queen, the entreaties of the king, had detained me ; now both saw the necessity of my departure, yet both trembled for my safety. Stuart was gone, we were told, to the Isles, where he had large estates ; this then was the best time for my journey. The amiable James and his charming queen themselves, with a strong guard, were to be my escort to Berwick, where

the earl of Northumberland was to receive me.

The day was fixed for my departure, when news arrived of an insurrection amongst some of the northern thanes. This required the immediate presence of the king, who ever made it a point to appear personally in such cases. "Let not this," he said, "my fair cousin, detain you in this country. Stuart is absent; I will take care all those nobles you need to fear shall accompany me, which, while it lessens your guards, yet ~~also~~ lessens your danger. To the valour and prudence of Dumfries I commit you."

Weeping at our separation, I parted from the queen of Scotland to return home; at the same time the king went northward. From Stirling, where the court then was, it was easier to have sent me into England by the western ~~highways~~ borders; but I should then have been obliged

obliged to take my route through the lands of chiefs whose power I had reason to dread.

I had safely arrived within a few miles of England without any thing material having happened. We were upon the lands of Patrick Dunbar, and hoped ere night to reach Berwick; already could I view the English hills. I was riding close by the side of my conductor, as we descended down a steep precipice into a narrow valley, where ran, amidst broken rocks, a clear stream, almost hid by the hazel bushes which grew on its sides. The opposite hill was equally steep with that we had descended; a winding path through the purple heath pointed out the only way by which it could be ascended. The sun was sinking fast into the west; its rays reached not the bottom of this deep dell.

Slowly now the whole cavalcade had begun to wind up the hill, when suddenly

denly starting from amongst the heath, which had concealed them, rose a fierce band of Scots, each armed with a broadsword.

Thus far I had reached in the manuscript, without meeting with any break in the narrative, of consequence sufficient to take notice of; but I am now arrived at that part which I mentioned, at the beginning of these Memoirs, as being spoiled by the damp. With much difficulty I was able to make out a part; that part I have transcribed. It is sufficient to carry on the sense of the story; yet many pages are gone for ever, being totally illegible. Those places where I have not been able to make any connected sentence, I have entirely omitted; but where only a single period or two was legible I have preserved it. Those gaps in the narrative will be readily perceived

perceived without my taking further notice of them, or engrossing time so uselessly.

The first words after the account she gives of the dell, and the starting of the Scots from amongst the heath, are as follow:—

Ah! what, Matilda, did I feel in this dreary abode! No chance of escape! Even those who were my attendants understood not my language, nor I theirs. Here Stuart had said my days should be ended, unless I consented to be his. I feared not his violence, as I well knew it was not me alone he sought; he looked up to the power, to the wealth of my family, and hoped by their assistance to fill the throne of Scotland.

“In vain,” I cried, “are your threats; I despise them and your promises! soon, I doubt not, the navy of England shall
cover

cover those stormy seas, then shalt thou tremble !”

“Pride not yourself, haughty dame,” he cried, “on your friends’ power to release you; they cannot guess you are here; it is believed you perished with your gay favourite; I was supposed far distant; even now they weep you as dead.”

Then the base wretch would laugh at the feigned tale which sent the king into the North. The only comfort I had was being left to myself. The visits of Stuart were short and seldom.

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The winter was set in, the snow lay white on the tops of the mountains, the icicles hung from the projecting battlements

ments—all nature, but the stormy ocean which surrounded me, appeared bound in ice; and its rough and turbulent waves seemed as if bent upon beating down the rock on which was seated this dreary pile; oft it dashed against it with such fury as to form a spray which would pierce through my ill-defended window. Ah Matilda! how sad, how heavily, passed the time!



It was the month of harvest; but here no harvest gladdened the swain, and autumn to me only foretold that another dreary winter approached, which must be spent like the preceding one; and the season recalled to my mind I had been twelve months a prisoner, yet no friend had appeared to rescue.

I had

I had begun to understand a little of the Erse tongue, a language peculiarly uncouth to the ear. This was some small alleviation to my woes, as I could speak to those around me, who, ignorant and uninformed, were faithful to their savage chief to a degree which made me know all attempts to bribe them to my interest would be vain; yet I had obtained of them, contrary to their express orders, leave to walk upon the pebble beach, which liberty I enjoyed only when the tide was at its lowest ebb; at all other times it washed the foot of the rock, which was high, and so inaccessible, that a winding flight of stairs was the only means of descending it. This trifling favour, which could by no means aid my escape, was, as well as my knowledge of the language, concealed with care from Stuart. I went not to the beach without a guard, so careful were they of the trust reposed in them.

Seldom

Seldom a sail appeared in those stormy seas; when it did, anxiously I watched it till no longer visible, still in hopes, my retreat known, the vessel contained some friends come to deliver me from my sad prison. Oft had my heart sickened, Matilda, as I ceased to view the whitening sails.

Repeatedly disappointed, I began to fear I might indeed end my days in this dreary dwelling, and began to credit the assertions of Stuart, when he said he was unsuspected, and that my death was mourned by every friend, wept even by my——



“I tell you, proud dame, you shall be mine; your father has bestowed you on me; to him have I declared you live, and

and live but for me; that you have owned your love, nor wish to return to his castle. Who so fit to receive the hand of the *Rose of Raby* as me? who so fit to fill the throne of Scotland?" cried the ambitious Stuart.

"False traitor!" I replied, "the earl of Westmoreland never gave a consent thou durst not ask! Soon shall the northern barons of England revenge on thee the insult offered to their kinswoman. Dost thou think I believe the vile story thou tellest me, of the death of your worthy, your wise, your gallant king? It is false; perhaps even now he leads a numerous host to deliver the friend of his charming consort from thy malice.



Stuart

Stuart had been absent little more than a week, nor did I dread his return till the appointed time, when I supposed he would visit me no more during winter, nor did I fear he had it in his power to make me bend.

I was sitting by the window of my dismal apartment, watching the retiring tide, that I might enjoy my accustomed ramble on the beach, when I heard a voice below my window which I knew to be that of a confidential servant of Stuart. It was the dusk of the evening, and the moon had not yet rose. Softly unbarring my casement, I looked out; beneath stood the young woman given as an attendant to me by the son of Athol, who said, in Erse, to her companion—"Nay, Archy, it is yet too soon; the sea has not yet retired from the stairs; let us return an hour after the moon shall be risen; it grows so dark, I
tremble

tremble as the waves dash against the rock."

Archy at length prevailed, that there they should wait the retiring of the tide and the rising of the moon, when they might walk upon the beach.

"And it is only two days then till our lord arrives?" said Maudlin. "He never stays above three, then will you again leave me. I will not stay in this dismal place; it is a prison. Let me go with you; in the next island dwells a priest—he can unite us."

"Patience, my dear," he replied; "the priest will come with our lord, who comes to marry the English lady; you will accompany her doubtless?"

"No," answered the girl; "I know she never will marry our lord. I understand now so much of the Lowland tongue as serves to tell me that; and she has solemnly vowed she will not marry

marry him, unless her father gives her to him. Now do you think an English lord will come hither? and my lord swears she stays here for ever, unless she marries him;—oh! no, no,” said she, sobbing, “poor Maudlin may here also end her days, though you have sworn so oft to take her away.”

“And here,” he cried, “I renew my promise. I tell you, my lord means to marry your mistress three days after this.”

“Tell me how he means to accomplish this,” said she.

“How will you reward me should I trust you with the secret?”

“Quick, my dear Archy! only tell me how I can do any thing to please you; only say by what means my mistress will be induced to marry our lord.”

“Already,” said he, “she has been told of the death of the king, although she affects not to believe it; no doubt
it

it makes an impression on her mind. My lord is determined to marry her; for know, unless he does, his life shall be short, and spent in banishment; if he succeeds, he mounts the throne of Scotland, and James dies an exile; for thus was it foretold by an aged monk, in the neighbouring holy isle, to whom the earl of Athol applied."

"When then my mistress is queen," cried the simple maiden, "what post will she give to me?"

"Fear not, my dear Maudlin; yours shall be a post of importance; therefore, if you have any sway, persuade her to consent."

"Ah!" she replied, "she will not heed me."

"But no doubt, when the fair Englishwoman," said he, "reads the letter, which is so exact an imitation of her father's writing, she will consent to what she will imagine he commands."

Towards



Towards the evening of the day before that on which Stuart was expected, I beheld a ship riding at anchor, of a size larger than those which I had usually seen, and imagined, as I oft had before, that the vessel was an English one.

“To-morrow! oh yes! to-morrow comes the hated Stuart!” I softly cried, pulling out a dagger I wore concealed, “~~but~~ thou!” addressing myself to it, “thou shalt either deliver this odious tyrant to the death his complicated crimes merit, or free Cicely from a life which is so burthensome!”

The moon shewed her face full and broad, as, rising, she threw the first radiance of her beams on the retiring tide; now the last step was visible, and the loose pebbles were left on it as the waves fell; I asked for the usual liberty of

walking by the sea; all were busied in making preparations for the coming of their lord; none had leisure to attend me. "Allow me then," said I, "to go alone; what danger can accrue from it? Alas! you well know I have no means of escape!" a truth all were so perfectly convinced of, that I obtained what I asked.

Rejoicing in being in possession of an imaginary liberty, I descended the steps, though each returning wave dashed over my feet. The moonbeams fell upon the sails of the distant vessel—"Ah! my beloved country, never again shall I behold it! Carry with you, if you are, as my heart whispers, English, the last wishes of the poor Cicely."

All seemed in a hurry of preparation at the castle; the lights passing backward and forward appeared to me as so many funeral torches.

"To-morrow! oh yes! too sure he comes

comes—the usurper of the rights of the amiable James! What! shall I be constrained to sit on the throne of my beloved cousin? No! Cicely never will!”

I stood on a little rock, over which the waves partly washed; I thought not of lady Dacre, who had said—“*Desert not the station you are called to fill; shrink not at danger or difficulty.*”

“Yes, this may be the means of avoiding Stuart! Ah!” I exclaimed, as I viewed the ocean which stood at my feet, “perhaps my body may float to that ship—sure it is English—nor will they refuse to take it for burial in my native land.”

My reveries were broke by a dashing of oars near. I lifted my eyes, and beheld a boat making the shore; from it leaped, with wonderful agility, a form which, if my senses did not deceive me, was that of the duke of Orleans. “Let us,” he cried, “my friends, draw the

boat on shore. Here is the cave we were told of; here you may be concealed, whilst I go to the castle."

The voices which answered were English. I had not power to retire or advance, and leaned against a point of the rock; my hair, blown from its fastening by the wind, hung in dishevelled tresses over my shoulders. The person I had fancied was the duke approached; he started as he viewed me. "Speak! art thou not he?—art thou not Charles of Orleans, come once more to save Cicely?" and I sunk in the arms of him I spoke to, without life or motion.

Opening again my eyes, I saw it was not the prince, and shrieking, I would have burst from the arm that supported me. "Dread not," he cried, "lady Cicely, him who is, equally with the duke, descended from Louis of Orleans—remember you not his brother? he whom at York——"

"Stop!"

“Stop!” I cried, “stop! yes, you are John of Orleans! why are you here?”

“Haste!” he replied; “yonder vessel waits to convey you to England; “those,” pointing to his companions, “are vassals of your house.”



“I hesitated not, lady Cicely, to obey the request of my brother. I repaired to the court of Scotland, declaring myself alone to the king. Spite of Stuart’s precautions, or the well-invented tale which he had caused to be propagated of his own employments at the time of your leaving the court of Scotland, and the attestations of those domestics he had suffered to escape, who, bribed to his interest, related the story of their being attacked by ruffians, who had hurried you to the sea-side, on the eastern coast,

where they had viewed your embarkation, accompanied by Dumfries, yet still the secret suspicions of James fell upon Stuart, although seldom was he absent from court, nor had we any means of being convinced but by watching his motions.

“The king removed from Dunfermline when the son of Athol was sick, and unable to follow; the sickness I found but a pretence—the same night he set out in disguise. I followed.

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“Having thus found out your residence, I joined those trusty fellows who waited with this vessel.

“I stopped not in France after being so generously released by the king of England,” continued the brother of Orleans; “I repaired to Castile, where I learned Catalina, the queen regent, had
not

not been long dead when the next heir to the late count, provided no issue of donna Theresa survived, married an Arragonese lady, who attended Maria of Arragon into Castile on her marriage with the king. Donna Katherine died so suddenly she had it not in her power to take proper precautions in regard to her infant charge, who, after her death, had no one to assert his right; with her alone rested the secret of his birth.

“The queen of Castile, influenced by her favourite, represented to the king the infant ought to be under the guardianship of his nearest relation, to which at length he consented. Thus, by degrees, he was estranged from a child he had considered as his own. Insinuations were daily poured into his ear of the child's slender claim to the estates of D'Aranjeus, and of the want the crown felt from having only an infant to support the title.

“ The arrival of lady Warwick in Castile strengthened all that had been said. She had an interview with the king, in which she found means to persuade him no offspring of the fair donna Theresa existed; that his mother had been imposed on by a feigned tale. The costly presents bestowed on the favourites of don Juan made this wicked woman’s evidence undisputed.

“ A will was soon produced, which constituted don Alvares heir to the old count D’Aranjeus; but this will was, you know, lady Cicely, revoked afterwards by him. The king now confirmed to don Alvares the estates and titles of the injured infant, heir of so many lands, who was by this means thrown on the charity of the usurper.

“ In vain did I, to the Castilian monarch, plead the cause of your child; in vain assert to his kinsman the rights of injured innocence. I then asked don
Alvares

Alvares to resign the lovely boy to my care. He flew into a rage—‘Dare you,’ he said, ‘a stranger, dispute the honour of the count D’Aranjeus? Think you I will resign the child of noble, though foreign parents to you? Know I not the hatred the French bear the English? Lady Warwick asked what you do; her I refused; to you I will not grant what was denied to her.’

‘Ah!’ thought I, ‘lady Warwick will not be so refused.’

“The child was removed; assuming a disguise, I bore him off. At Bidet lady St. Aubin has the precious charge; Orleans has sworn to protect him. The heir of the duke could not be more carefully reared.”

Ah Matilda! what, how various were my feelings, as I listened to the tale the count Dunois thus related! My child—

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We landed at the very place I had embarked at when I was carried away by the orders of lady Douglas. How many changes since then have I undergone! how different now were my sentiments!

Here I bade adieu to John of Orleans, who proceeded to France, bearing with him many a heartfelt effusion of gratitude to lady St. Aubin; alas! none, Matilda, to my child!—That sad, that overpowering thought, which pressed on my soul, assuring me I must not behold that beloved child, overcame the joy I felt at my return to liberty, as, attended by a strong guard, I went forward to Raby.

I reached it without any thing material occurring on my journey. My return was not welcomed with smiles; sorrow clouded the countenance of each hoary-headed domestic, and their ill-concealed tears left me no room to doubt

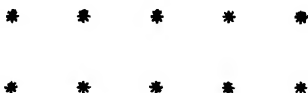
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some dire misfortune awaited my hearing. "Where," I wildly cried, "where is my father?"

Lady Dacre appeared; she saluted and led me into the hall. "Support yourself, my dear Cicely," she cried; "Heaven is merciful; it has heard the prayers of our venerable parent; he lives to embrace you, yet it will not be long ere he leaves this world. Worn out by grief for your supposed death (for he credited not the tale of Athol), it has hastened his; yet think not his old age has been neglected; some of your sisters, Cicely, were his constant attendants; yet the earl for ever mourned the loss of his darling child. Come, my sister, already your father is apprised of your return."

The presence of lady Dacre seemed to inspire me with a portion of her fortitude; I was supported by her firmness, encouraged by her kindness. Yes,

Matilda, I wore a look of tolerable composure as I entered the chamber of my beloved parent, who, animated by the idea of again beholding me, had risen from the bed, which he had not stirred from for some weeks. On one side sat lady Northumberland; by her stood a lovely boy, the hope of the house of Percy; I could no longer smother my feelings when I saw the altered looks of my father.



The hopes I had conceived of my father's recovery were quickly at an end, as on the third day after my arrival at Raby he was considerably worse. Conscious of his approaching dissolution, he had the whole of his family assembled who were near him; it was the last act of

of this venerable parent. I saw him, Matilda, as he blessed each child. On taking leave of them for ever, to each he gave such a charge as their particular circumstance required; to all he gave a command to stand by each other.

“To what end,” said he, “is it that my daughters are so honourably married, or my sons enriched by their wives, if you are not unanimous? Standing by each other, the family of Neville will flourish, and overshadow in the North even the throne of England; but are ye divided amongst yourselves, a few generations and your lands and honours shall be swept away; your name, your power, scarce remembered even in the district of St. Cuthbert, the protecting saint of the descendants of Fitz-Maldred; for thus, my children, is it ordained!”

All were dismissed but my brother Richard and myself, into whose hands
my

my father solemnly committed me.—
“Guard,” he said, “this precious deposit; I die and leave her in whom the long-expected prophecy remains to be fulfilled. Remember, a prince alone shall wed my Cicely.”

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“Yes, my father, hear me solemnly swear—to my brother will I transfer the duty which is your right! No, my lord, I will not oppose my destiny.”

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Sadly, sorrowfully did I accompany my brother; I would yet have lingered at Raby, there indulged my grief for my loss, but he commanded me to go with him and his lady; to him had I,
in

in my father's presence, vowed obedience. Ah, Matilda ! as I turned my back upon Raby, the scene of my childish sports, where I had spent so many happy days, and, ah ! my friend, where every step was consecrated in my mind to some idea indelibly imprinted on my soul, how deep an anguish I felt, as, accompanying my brother to his castle, I caught the last glimpse of the sacred spot where lay the remains of both my parents !

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So long a pause as I here must make in the narrative obliges me to remark, that it had, for several pages, suffered so much, I could not make out any connected sentence ; the names of lady Percy and Dacre frequently seemed to occur,
as

as also those of several of the family; as Robert, who was bishop of Durham, lord Abergoverly, &c. from which I concluded the lady Cicely had resided occasionally with them. I was able to retrace again, but the connexion was still disjointed, as follows:—

Thus time slowly crept away; my child growing fast to maturity, estranged from my arms, he knew not of my existence—alas! I seldom heard of his!

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With the countess of Salisbury I felt a degree of distance; her manners invited not my confidence; and the gay, graceful heir of this noble family entered with ardour into every ambitious scheme of his father; I was no longer suffered
(under

(under the pretence of kindness) to stir from the castle of my brother.

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“Why,” said he, “Cicely, do you thus ask what is not in my power to grant? Did I not solemnly swear to the earl to guard you?”

Alas, Matilda! had I not cause to fear I must be the sacrifice to the unbounded ambition of my brother, who was now become earl of Salisbury? I saw he was resolved I should no longer evade the fulfilment of the prophecy, by which he hoped to gratify his ruling passion.

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Returning one day from hunting in the park at Middleham, a splendid train
saluted

saluted my sight; they attended a martial-looking personage. As I entered the castle, I was met by the earl.—“Prepare,” he said, “to receive your future husband.”

I started.

“Nay, Cicely, you know not my care for your happiness, my attention to your interest; I give you to no ignoble youth; ’tis Richard Plantagenet, the brave duke of York, who comes to court your alliance. I expect such an obedience as you promised our father when he gave you into my charge.”

My brother turned from me to receive his guest, and I retired to my own apartment. You then, beloved Matilda, were a child. At this time you were on a visit at Middleham; you saw my distress. Then was it you first tried to sooth the afflicted heart of your Cicely.

“Ah!” said I to you, “my sweet girl, no one cares what becomes of me; wretched

wretched creature that I am, I must be made a sacrifice to the ambition of the Nevilles !”

“Nay,” you replied, “my dear cousin, do not weep; why do you bewail yourself thus, when such a glorious troop is advancing?” and you drew me to the window.

Ah, my Matilda ! the interest your little sensible heart took that day in my woes created in me an affection for you which has increased every succeeding year; how oft to my perturbed soul has that friendly voice spoke comfort !

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I entered the room, led by my brother, with all the dignity I could assume.—
“Here,” said Salisbury, presenting me to the duke, “is the long-contested hand
of

of the *Rose of Raby*. Cicely is sensible of the honour you do her."

My brother thought this speech would silence any opposition I might be inclined to make; but I was not then the timid girl he had known me; and I found I must either exert myself or sink for ever into a state of insignificance.

Withdrawing the hand York had stooped to salute—"My lord," said I, "what means this? The earl of Westmoreland, when he delegated a parent's power, also wished to bequeath with it a parent's affection; you trifle with my happiness. Our feelings are not in our power to command; I am not a child thus to be commanded; and you, my lord of York, what is it you propose by an union with me? Wish you for a hand coldly bestowed by a brother?—it is all Cicely can offer you; she cannot—it is impossible she can ever love you. True, I have sworn to obey Richard of Salisbury.

bury, and I will, should it cost my life in doing so; but a year shall elapse ere I am the wife of any one. Nay, urge me no further—I am resolved;” so saying I quitted the room.

Several interviews passed ere the duke left Middleham, in all of which he failed (if he wished) to interest me. In his person, tall and finely shaped, he seemed formed for a hero; but he wanted grace, that nameless, insinuating air so indelibly imprinted on my heart. The manners of the duke were cold and stately, yet oft, Matilda, have you seen him throw that off, and court popularity with every charm of affability. A kind of care, of restlessness, seemed to disturb his soul.

My brother and York held frequent conferences in private, to which no one but the already-aspiring heir of Salisbury was admitted.



I had

I had solemnly sworn to obey the earl in not opposing the choice he should make for me, and I was frequently reminded by the countess of his condescension in allowing me twelve months' respite after he had determined my fate.

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From visiting Jane I returned fortified by her counsel, resolved to go to the fated ruin where my birth was foretold, where the prophecy regarding the Nevilles seemed to fix on me.

The earl and countess of Salisbury still absent from Middleham, I had now an opportunity of pursuing my intentions without contradiction, and accompanied by Ralph, my faithful squire, and a favourite damsel, I set out to visit the Castle of Destiny.

At

At noon we reached the wood, when calling those who attended me, I informed them that, in consequence of a vow I had made, I was going to spend a night in that castle, and begged they might accompany me only as far as they chose. All declared they would watch with me the night among the goblins which dwelt in the castle. Ashamed to be outdone by me in courage, all followed till within sight of the castle, when the whole troop stopped as it were instinctively. "Stay," I cried, "here till I return."

Willingly I was obeyed by all but Ralph and Bridget, who vowed to share with me my danger.

Ah, Matilda! as I once more viewed the disjointed towers, the broken gateway, I was seized with a kind of reverential awe and of horror at the recollection of deeds perpetrated in this mouldering pile. I was resolved to enter by
the

the way my father had, in hopes I might find those apartments he had so very minutely and frequently described to me.

We found the remains of the gate, now half sunk into the ground, and almost concealed by the weeds. Accompanied by my 'squire and damsel, we crossed those apartments whose situation, except being still more ruinous, were exactly as my father had found them. Ere we began to ascend the staircase, we knelt and implored the protection of Heaven. I saw fear so forcibly marked on the features of my companions, that I begged they might no further accompany me; but affection predominated, and they declared, whatever ill betided, they would share it with a mistress whose favours they had so often experienced.

I passed along the gallery with as firm a step as I could; my trembling but faithful attendants followed close behind.

The

The door was closed at the extreme end. I lifted the latch; Ralph held me, saying, in a scarce-audible whisper—"Tempt not, honoured lady, your fate, and leave this place unsearched."

The pallid looks of both almost shook my firm, or rather desperate resolution; but assuming a courage which at that moment I did not feel, I cried—"Nay, stay me not thus dastardly; I am resolved to enter here, therefore assist me."

Our united force applied to the door made it at length give a little way, accompanied by a hollow, rumbling noise. Smitten with all the frenzy of fear, they left me. I saw them take the contrary road to that by which we came, and stood irresolute whether or no I should follow. The rumbling sound ceased, and the steps of the terrified pair echoed loudly through the windings of the solitary passages; the sound grew fainter

and fainter, till I could no longer distinguish it.

A kind of sickly fear took possession of my soul, and I began to think the enterprise I had embarked in was at once foolish and wicked, and I should never have resolution to accomplish my design. Alas! I began to think what would become of me. Again a distant footstep; a door seemed to fall forcibly to; the noise was gone; yet I stood in the attitude of listening, in hopes it would return, scarce daring to breathe. —“Surely,” thought I, “they will not leave me; when their fears are partly over, they will endeavour to find the way back.”

In this expectation I waited some time, when I resolved to follow. I quickly found myself in apartments dark and dreary; my imagination presented a thousand horrid forms, and I hastened
back

back to where my attendants had forsook me. I felt a little reassured, and resting myself against a window, revolved in my mind the important cause which had urged me to this expedition. "Perhaps," thought I, "by entering here," as with a trembling hand I once more lifted the latch, "to me may be revealed what I alone may know."

The door opened; I found myself in the room so long ago visited by my father. The noise which had terrified my 'squire and damsel I saw was occasioned by the tumbling of a number of stones, which had formed a barricado to the door.

The pictures were almost defaced by damp, and examining that my father had said was Joan of Raby, I perceived it concealed a door. Resolving to proceed, I opened it, whilst the cold drop of fear started from every pore as I beheld, written on the opposite wall, the

well-remembered legend. I stopped; the wind sighing through each cranny of the building sounded like the groans of misery. I stepped forward; the door closed behind me. A large window, through which the now-declining sun cast a golden shade, lighted the apartment; advancing up to which, without daring to turn my eyes round, I saw the window was far above my utmost stretch. I turned slowly about; at the upper end of the room, seated at a table, was the veiled figure which appeared to the earl so many years before. Falling on my knees—"If thou art human," I said, "pardon this intrusion; but if thou art, as I guess, an immortal being, grant me thy protection, and guard me from the dangers which perhaps surround me."

I lifted my eyes. It moved not—it spoke not. Again I conjured it; yet still it seemed to regard not. Rising, I
slowly

slowly advanced to the table, which was covered with written paper and writing implements. A book laid open, over which the figure bent as if reading; it turned not, although now close to it. Again I spoke; its face was turned the other way. I went round the table to view it. I shrieked, and fell lifeless on the floor.

At length I recovered, yet scarce knowing where I was, till again the ghostly view met my sight, and Reason, frightened from her throne, gave way to a kind of frantic delirium.

Matilda, would it not have appalled the stoutest heart? The veil, the full drapery of the yet-white garments, concealed at first the skeleton! But it was one. Yes, Matilda! I was shut into a desolate apartment in this dreary castle, without means of escape, with a skeleton of some one who perhaps, like me, was a martyr to curiosity; nought remained

but dry bones! Oh Matilda, the horrors of this night!

“Nay, stare not thus,” I cried, “thou ghastly spectre! I fear not thy looks!” and, with a wild and frantic air, began to sing and dance. A loud knocking, and calling upon my name, terrified me to silence.

“No, no,” I cried, in a whispering voice, as I threw myself on the ground, “sister of dust, Cicely will not leave—hush—hush—it is Richard of Salisbury—nay, do not betray me. They would give me to York; I am betrothed to Orleans! Look; this is the ring; cover then, oh! cover that frightful form!—Nay, closer.—Save me! save me!”

I was soon exhausted, I remember, and threw myself on the ground.

Either I slept, or it was a kind of waking vision which presented itself to my disordered imagination. “Rise,” said a voice, “presumptuous child of mortality!”

talities!" A door opened, and, led by the voice, I descended a number of steps; then passing along a winding passage, came to a large and lofty apartment. Through an iron gate I passed into an open court. Opposite was a stately hall, in which, beneath a rich canopy, stood the duke of York. He wore a white rose in his hat, and leaned upon the shoulders of the earl of Salisbury and his son. As I looked on the latter his stature increased till I could scarce perceive his head. I turned round in amazement. Looking again—York, Salisbury, and my gigantic nephew, all were vanished. Orleans presented me a graceful youth, who wore the features of my lamented Beauchamp; I strove to grasp him in my arms. "Ah, my mother!" he exclaimed. A sea of blood swam before my eyes; a shriek of horror assailed my ears.

The scene shifted. A large plain ap-

peared strewed with the dead bodies of almost every friend I had; over them were strewed roses red and white. "Oh! let me, let me not outlive every one dear to me!" I wildly cried, and shut my eyes on the scene of misery.

I was roused by the voice saying—"Behold, Cicely!"

I looked up. A handsome youth, mounted on a white steed grandly caparisoned, rode through the streets of London. A train of nobles attended, at whose head was my nephew Richard. Ladies, richly dressed, flung from the windows flowers and perfumes, and "LONG LIVE THE KING!" resounded from every side.

"Wishest thou," said my invisible conductor, "to see more? Dost thou hope to pry into futurity? Know, thy posterity shall sit upon the throne, whilst the salt waves of the ocean surround thy native land! Ere thou wert born, thy
doom

doom was fixed—in France, in Spain, in Scotland, vainly thou strove to avert it.”

The venerable form of my father stood before me. “My child,” said he, “thy doom is fixed; thou hast much to sustain; sustain it with fortitude. Shall the mother of princes, of kings, sink under her trials? Rise now, my child; your ’squire is seeking you in despair.”

I rose from my hard couch. I felt calm; yet still my head was light. The morning broke, and I heard Ralph distinctly say—“Here sure it was our lady entered. Wretches that we were to let fear deprive us of our senses; forsaking so good, so kind a mistress!”

“Search,” I cried, “near the picture next the large chest; you will find a door which, on this side, I cannot open.”

I was quickly at liberty, and without allowing them to enter the apartment, I

begged them to rise from the ground on which they knelt, assuring both I forgave what was past, and descended with them the large staircase, when, finding the room where formerly the earl of Westmoreland had spent the night, I partook of some refreshment, whilst Ralph and Bridget informed me, that, urged by fear, they had fled through numberless apartments, going where they found a passage. Not daring to look round, they supposed I was with them, nor found their mistake till they reached, by various turnings, the foot of the staircase they had ascended with me; here then stopping I was missed.

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I advanced, and took, with a trembling

bling hand, from the table, the first piece of paper which presented itself to me, and read as follows:—

“ Art thou young, rich, noble, or lovely?—such once was the horrid form which salutes thy wondering sight. Art thou dear to thy friends?—so once was I. Art thou beloved by a noble youth as I was once? Knowest thou the pangs of jealousy?—Ah! let it not corrode thy heart, as it did mine! Yes, it was jealousy which caused the ruin of him I held dearer than life!—The sad, the forlorn Beatrice was his ruin—was the ruin of every connexion dear to him! Gaze on me well; if thou art of that sex which bears the name of gentle, ah! rivet thy eyes on me; look on these sightless sockets, where once rolled what my lovers called celestial stars; behold

F 6

them

them now ; where ! ah, where shalt thou learn a lesson so instructive !”

I laid down the paper ; my knees shook under me.

I wanted not, Matilda, this lesson of mortality ; life had few charms for me. Had I ever been vain, vanity had been long since extinguished ; was I gay, I had long been sick of the pleasures resulting from gay scenes ; was I ambitious, the ambition of my family far out-run mine. I could, at that moment, have shut myself a living corpse into this dismal apartment. Recovering myself, the golden legend attracted my eyes.—“ Wretch that I am !” I cried, “ shall a child of dust rebel ?”

I took up another paper ; it began thus :—

“ Can prayer and penitence avail ?—
Shall the wretched Beatrice ever know
peace ?

* * * * *

“ Ah, Fitzhugh ! thou art then indeed
gone ! yet the wretched cause of thy un-
doing still lingers on earth ; thou went
unconscious of her existence.

* * * * *

“ Years have rolled on—lingering
years ; the winter’s frost has pinched her
who, in Bretagne, was nursed in the
very lap of luxury, yet I live amidst
ruins, solitude, and misery ! Sorrow
kills not !

“ A few



“ A few days I may yet linger in this frail dwelling of mortality; my victuals are not yet exhausted. I shall never again behold the charitable Benedict. It must have been death which has deprived me of his pious visits; nought else would have restrained him. How comfortable were his last words!—‘ Thy prayer, thy penitence, ascending to the throne of mercy, shall find forgiveness!’ Too sure he has left the realms of mortality; he would not else have left me to perish for want of food. Ah! when I madly swallowed poison, did he not restore me to life! He did more; calming my perturbed soul, he poured into it the comforts of religion. I consented to the report of a death he so narrowly preserved me from. I would have gone into a nunnery.

‘ By

‘By some means,’ said father Benedict, ‘your retreat will be known. Lord Fitzhugh, believing you dead, bestows large possessions on the holy church; would you retard the work of penitence he has so nobly begun? drag him back to renew sins he renounces, a world of which you constitute the charm?’

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“When I first inhabited this dreary pile, I thought each night would be the last of my existence; ah! then I deemed it not possible that any earthly being could dwell so many years as I have done, in a place where * * * * * but now I have been so long accustomed to its horrors, I regard them not.

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“Once

“Once since I inhabited this dismal castle I saw a human being besides the good father. Oh that night! when, as the thunder rocked each ruined tower; and the vivid lightning flashed through each cranny, did a mortal venture——

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“They appear but as the airy phantoms seen in some vision as I reflect on them; yet again I think misery and the horrors I have witnessed have at times driven Reason from her seat, and what I have deemed real was illusion.

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“Extreme misery! here shall the
wretched

wretched Beatrice end her days. Oh, I faint with hunger! my strength is exhausted; I shall not suffer long. Whilst yet I was able I have fastened the outward door of my apartments—the door of my sepulchre; perhaps this castle, tumbling to ruins, shall cover my mouldering remains. Perhaps (ah! let that thought cheer me!) some charitable person may find my bones; let them not then deny whatever sir William Fitzhugh would have granted to the murderer of his only child. Yes, he ordered the wretched Beatrice interment in consecrated ground. Whoever thou art, whose strange destiny brings thee hither, if with pious hands thou payest my funeral obsequies, to thee I bequeath my sad story. Thou may be, as I once was, lovely to the sight; thou may be, as I once was, unaided by prudence; thou mayest have done, as I did, foolishly; thou, I hope, art not, as I was, guilty

guilty of crimes, for which read and mark the long, the deep atonement. Look on me; thou shalt be as I am!—Vice punishes itself; virtue is its own reward.

“Oh mercy! that sick qualm——”

The sentence, Matilda, seemed unfinished; the hand that wrote it was evidently a weak and trembling one.

“Oh yes!” I cried, “I will give thee, as thou desirest, interment. How strange indeed is the destiny which has reserved this office for Cicely, the wife of him——”

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I need not say to you, Matilda, how variously sad were my feelings at finding
the

the veiled skeleton was the sister of the unfortunate Adeline, duchess of Orleans, and aunt to my amiable and beloved lady St. Aubin, the persecutor of the fair donna Theresa ; and that from her might be traced all the misfortunes of sir William Fitzhugh, of his innocent posterity. I send you, my dear friend, the papers which contain the story of this miserable woman.



I found the story of Beatrice, as lady Cicely mentioned, but so mutilated it could scarce be read, even a single passage of it ; so will not at present attempt doing it. Here also I found a great deficiency in the narrative, and think some pages are entirely torn out ; when it again began to be legible, the lady Cicely was become the duchess of York, for she breaks out in the following exclamation :—

Ah

Ah Matilda! amidst all this scene of gaiety I felt sadly occupied with my own reflections, yet I assumed an air of cheerfulness foreign to my heart. Envied by surrounding beauties, I was miserable; how gladly would I have exchanged the splendour of Wigmore for the garb and homely fare of some peasant maid! Silently I bowed to my destiny; alas! I found myself a victim to the ambition of my brother and his son. York treated me with a cold civility—nay, in public, with a tenderness he felt not. Ah Matilda! too true the father of my children possessed not my love; he sought it not, content I should feel for him that esteem he professed for me.

Ah Orleans! how I revered that noble delicacy which intruded not at this period regrets to both so unavailing! Yet I heard he was sick; that a secret sorrow consumed him. Did I think less of the cottage in Piedmont? 'The rich domains,

domains, the united estates of Mortimer, Ulster, and York, could not confer happiness; nor could the vanity of seeing the white rose glitter on so vast a number of vassals make me forget I had a child, heir to possessions as extended, who was brought up on the bounty of strangers.



My uncle Beaufort had, as I before mentioned, warmly opposed my marriage with York, and was so highly irritated at Salisbury, that he swore to thwart him in every design; and he kept his oath. Through his powerful influence the duke of York had been kept months from his appointment to the regency of France. The duke of Gloucester espoused the interest of York in opposition to
the

the cardinal Beaufort. . Eleanor duchess of Gloucester misled her husband, as she had been, by soothsayers and diviners, and dreamed of greatness beyond even what she enjoyed; York she hoped to bind to her interest, and Gloucester was persuaded the cardinal's influence should be crushed; and thus began the deadly quarrel between those two princes, which ended in both their ruin.



During the duke's absence in France I resolved to confine myself to the castle, watching over my infant son. What tears I shed! Not so was the cradle of the young count D'Aranjeus watched; this lovely blossom (short was its existence!) soon, you know, was removed from the misery which hung over my race.

I was

I was now frequently visited by my uncle the cardinal. "How ill," he said, one day, "was that hand bestowed by Salisbury on York! Your father and mother informed me of your purposed alliance with the duke of Orleans; I gave my consent; I would, Cicely, have made you heiress of my riches; so would I yet, were you the wife of any one but York."

He began to question me regarding the sudden breaking off a match which would have placed me in a rank so elevated.

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"Ah!" said the cardinal, "I perceive your attachment was great to the duke of Orleans by your answers; will you consent, I will procure a divorce for you from York. I will find means to
release

release Orleans; marry him, I will settle all my fortune on you."

I fell on my knees.—"Oh! talk not thus to me, my lord! Shall I forsake my child? abandon the husband, who has treated me with attentive respect, whom I have sworn to obey?—No; forbid it, Heaven! I feel, my lord, for the duke all the respect his character merits, all the confidence a true, a loyal wife should. Alas! I may be miserable, I will not be vicious; I will not have, my lord cardinal, the reproach of an evil conscience."

The cardinal seemed offended. I was not, Matilda, politician sufficient to penetrate through the deep-laid plan of this haughty prelate.

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By the intrigues of the cardinal my
husband

husband was deprived of the regency of France, to which Beauchamp earl of Warwick succeeded.

It was only accidental my now seeing the cardinal, as he never visited me. It was owing to his influence Orleans was suffered to be present at an interview between plenipotentiaries from France and Spain near Calais. After the duke's return from France the cardinal interested himself warmly for his release, which Gloucester opposed with all his power.

I was sitting one day musing when my uncle entered. He spoke of Orleans, his amiable qualities, his misfortunes—"Soon," continued the cardinal, "he will be at liberty; there I have triumphed over Gloucester: The duke, my dear niece, wishes to see, or at least write to you, ere he quits England, to divulge matters of importance."

"Why, my lord, does the duke mean to insult you, equally with me, by de-

siring you to bring a request I must refuse?"

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Again, Matilda, York and Gloucester prevailed; York was once more reinstated in his dignity, and went to France. At the request of the cardinal I chose Fotheringay for my residence. He had secretly supported the interest of my husband in sending him to France; York had ordered me to be attentive to the wishes of my uncle, though their interests for ever clashed; he yet hoped at length to enjoy some of his vast riches through my means.

I was sitting one day, marking with pensive eye the ravages autumn had made upon the surrounding woods. I reflected on the various scenes which had sadly chequered my early life; the expedition to the borders; my being, whilst yet almost a child, carried away by the ruffians of lady Douglas; my strange adventures in France; my misfortunes in Spain;

Spain; my shipwreck. I dropped a tear to the memory of the brave, the generous youth, whose life was sacrificed for me in Scotland, and execrated the fierce son of Athol. I painfully recollected my long imprisonment in the dreary castle of the Hebrides * * * * *

How great to Orleans are my obligations—to the count Dunois, his brother! Still might I have dragged, amidst those stormy seas, a miserable existence, had not their unceasing care preserved me. Ah! had it not been for their friendship, my child had fallen in infancy a victim to lady Warwick's malice, to the avarice, the ambition of his Castilian kinsman.

Ah! why did I refuse when the cardinal said, Orleans wished, ere he left England, to see me! Alas! my son, the unfortunate count D'Aranjeus, knows no protector but him! unnatural mother that I am! shall I deprive him of his only friend? "No!" said I, rising, "I will

write to my lord of Beaufort; in his presence I will see the duke of Orleans!"

My reveries were interrupted by beholding, riding at full speed, a 'squire, followed by two pages in the rich livery of the cardinal, who bore, embroidered on their shoulders, the portcullis, the arms of the Beauforts. He stopped; the reins slackened; they fell on the neck of his steed; then recovering himself, he rode forward with his former speed. Turning to enter the outer court, I lost sight of the 'squire and his attendants. Whilst I was wondering what could be the errand brought by a person whose demeanour was so strange, I was informed he requested a private audience, as he bore from the cardinal dispatches of moment.

Rising, out of respect to my uncle, as his special messenger entered—"What are the tidings," I cried, "from the lord cardinal?"

"Oh!

“Oh! pardon this intrusion! Pardon, Cicely, Orleans, who thus, in disguise, has, by the permission of Beaufort, intruded on you!”

Leading me to a seat, he gazed on me for a few minutes in silence. Covering my face with my hands, I burst into tears.—“Ah, my lord!” said I, recovering myself, “why did you so rash an action? Ah! have you forgot I am the duchess of York, the wife of Richard Plantagenet?”

I rose; I cast my eyes on the duke.

“Ah, yes!” said he, still standing with his looks bent on me, and his hands clasped as in an agony, “yes, yes, Cicely, too well I remember;—oh! it is deeply imprinted in my brain!” and he struck his forehead with violence. “My long captivity sunk not my soul equal to that; yet have I once intruded myself or my woes on your gayer hours? have I not borne all in silence? Even now I

come not to ask your pity, to bid you recall days long, long past—fond hopes never realized.”

“Ah, my lord! why say my gayer hours? Ah! have I known such? has happiness been an inmate in this sad bosom?”

I stopped; I had, Matilda, forgot the character it was my duty to sustain; for my accent, my manner, had thrown Orleans off his guard; he was kneeling at my feet. I again remembered I was at Fotheringay. “Think, my lord, how absurd this posture! think what you owe to me, to yourself.”

The prince seated himself by me. “Conscious of the delicacy of your situation, I would not, though it was to bid you an everlasting adieu, have intruded on you, did I not wish, Cicely, to talk with you on a subject which I could not otherwise communicate.”

Ah Matilda! could I fail to excuse
the

the duke, as he wept with me the necessity of my separation from my son, as the double marriage between the son and daughter of the earl of Warwick, and Richard and Anne, children of Salisbury, would, I knew, make him the worst enemy my unfortunate child could have.

The duke informed me the ardour of my son's character was no longer to be restrained; that quitting the shades of Bidet, the maternal care of lady St. Aubin, he had joined the armies of France; that he had performed miracles of valour. Writing to lady St. Aubin, he says—"Why is my birth concealed? You have, my protectress, told me it was noble; reveal, I conjure you, my parents; if they live, my actions shall not discredit them. Your silence drives me to acts of desperation. Am I basely born? I will strive to make my birth forgot; I will ennoble myself; but it

cannot be that a child so born would interest such a woman as lady St. Aubin for its helpless infancy, nor would a peasant's child feel as I do. Ah! my more than mother, pardon me! had you not an aunt who followed from Brittany an English baron to his own land? My honoured madam, I have no claim to the name of Bidet, nor was I always reared under your care. I remember, at the first dawn of reason, I saw the blue waves roll beneath a stately vessel in which I was; I remember a long journey too. I have fought against the English; may I not, as I dread, have dipped my hands in the blood of some near kinsman?—Oh! give me a name, I conjure you!"

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Oh! for ever I had bade him adieu!
—yes, for ever! Never again should I behold

behold him ! Ah ! had I not too hastily chid the duke from me ? Did not the cardinal, my uncle, authorise the meeting ?



The bloom of beauty was gone which had enchanted so forcibly the duke of Orleans ; he too, Matilda, was changed. Years, long wearisome years, had passed over us since we parted at Raby ; a settled sadness had robbed his countenance of that ardent expression ; his eyes had lost much of their vivacity ; yet I durst not encounter the expression which beamed from them. Raby, Warkworth, the scenes I had witnessed there, swam before my sight ; the prince's despair, his bravery, each action rose fresh to my mind. Ill such recollections, I knew, became the wife of York ; I went to the nursery and wept over my child.



I was thankful the inviolable honour of Orleans had preserved him from the snare which I now plainly saw had been laid by the ambitious cardinal for me, to whom, as also to Orleans, he had proposed divorcing me from York; to which, if I agreed, I was, by marrying Orleans, to pave the way for a peace between France and England. Orleans secretly was to be ransomed by the cardinal, who would then make me his heir.

Beaufort hoped too, by the means of Orleans, to procure such a peace as would secure his influence, sink Gloucester and York in obscurity; thus he expected to rise on their ruin; nor did he doubt, by procuring an interview for Orleans with me, I should agree to his wishes. How futile were his plans! for the promise
which

which I extorted from the prince, of marrying as soon as he reached France, he kept, by uniting himself to Mary, daughter to the duke of Cleves, and granddaughter to John duke of Burgundy, who had caused Louis duke of Orleans to be assassinated in the streets of Paris.

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“ Well might Henry the Fifth say Orleans alone was a host,” continued the cardinal; “ crowds surrounded him on his arrival in France; the populace received him as if returned from the conquest of England: Charles received him with coldness; disgusted he retired from court.”

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In vain the cardinal dissuaded me from obeying my husband's commands to attend him at Rouen. I set out, attended by——

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“Amongst the prisoners,” said the duke of York, “is a youth, whose noble and graceful mien charms me. I marked his gallantry, as he flew from rank to rank encouraging the French. He unhorsed your brother, lord Falconbridge; but beholding his arms—‘Rise,’ said he; ‘you are safe; your ensign bespeaks your birth. Alas! the sin I might incur, were I to wound you, might be grievous!’

“He wears,” continued the duke, “as armorial ensigns, an antique castle, surrounded by cypress. When his name was asked, his answers were vague, and, I thought, bordered upon insanity. He was, I understand, knighted for his valour by Charles himself.”

* * * * *

“I have.”

“I have,” said the duke, “complied with your request, and granted the youth his liberty. I told him, to you he must return his thanks; he comes now to do so.”

A tall and elegant figure entered, and threw himself at my feet. He spoke—

Matilda, I saw no more. I was no longer sensible of what was around me, till I found myself in bed surrounded by my women. “Where,” I wildly cried, “where is my son? Speak! bring me to him quickly!”

They put into my arms Edward—
“Behold, my lady, here is your child.”

“Ah! no, no, that is not he! it is not the son of duke Richard; it is Beauchamp! my beloved——

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Ah! as my reason returned, I remembered

bered the indiscretion I had been guilty of; I sadly recollected the cause which had thrown me into such a state; yes, he for whose liberty I had interceded with my husband must have been my son! Alas! who else could it be, who thus was distinguished by features so deeply imprinted on my soul, and who wore the air, the manner of my loved Beauchamp!—the age, the mystery that hung over him, all, all convinced me it was my son!



The duke regarded me with an eye of suspicion, yet, with that reserve he was eminent for, he spoke not of it to me. I dared not ask, nor could I learn what had become of the youth my heart acknowledged; conjecture was wearied in regard to my son, and I sometimes
meditated

meditated writing to the duke of Orleans or lady St. Aubin——

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I resided, upon my return to England, chiefly at Wigmore—"Let," said my husband, "Edward be rendered dear to the vassals of the house of Mortimer; let him who is the heir——"

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I was sitting, one evening, in an arbour, whose entrance opened to the western sky, where, indulging in pensive remembrance, I gave loose to my thoughts, and audibly exclaimed—"Just so looked my lord, when, kneeling, he swore, in the habitation of sir William, to love me for ever! Ah! loved and lamented,
how

how similar were your fates! In vain did the venerable Fitzhugh hope!—the curse, the fatal curse, of the rash count D'Aranjeus is not yet spent! Hapless child! hast thou not left the fostering care of lady St. Aubin?"

"Am I not forgotten then? Is the child of lord Beauchamp dear to the duchess of York! Oh my mother, look on me!"

Matilda, it was—yes, he knelt before me—my noble, my generous, my much-loved child!

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"Ah! at Pontoise, when you appeared to return your acknowledgments, there my heart declared you were my child!"

* * * * *

"Tell

"Tell me what became of you, my son."

"I saw you, my mother, fall dead, as I thought, whilst nature's all-powerful instinct seemed to say this is thy long-looked-for mother! I would have supported you, but the duke, with a stern air, ordered you to be conveyed to your chamber. 'Depart,' said he, 'young man! quit Pontoise ere the sun set.'

"In hopes of hearing of you, I obeyed not. The duke heard I still lingered; he——

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"But answer me—how knew you, my son, the arms of the Nevilles were those of a family from whom you were descended?"

"I was sitting," he replied, "one day with madame St. Aubin, when she begged

ged I would bring from an apartment in the western tower somewhat she had occasion for; tempted by a kind of irresistible curiosity, I endeavoured to open the door of a room I had never visited; it was locked. After trying divers keys, at length I found one which opened it. It was, my mother, the room you had once occupied; it had thence acquired with its noble owner and his amiable sister a kind of sanctity; all had been suffered to remain just as you quitted it. On a table lay a piece of embroidery; I took it to lady St. Aubin, informing her of my little adventure; and inquiring whose arms those were thus beautifully delineated, she trembled, turned pale, and weeping, took it, saying—‘Why did you rashly enter there? Cicely, shall the hours you spent in tracing the arms of your family prove fatal to your son? Ah my child! that thou wert permitted to bear those arms!

that

that any of the noble houses from whence thou sprung would acknowledge thee !

‘ Oh ! tell me, my more than parent, what family bears those arms ? Lives Cicely, who forsakes her hapless child ? Tell me, I will travel over wilds and deserts till I find her ; I will kneel, and only ask her blessing, only ask whose honour I ought to defend.’

‘ Alas ! my child, say not your mother forsakes you ; she lives. Unwillingly is she obliged, by reasons you will never learn, to conceal you here ; an oath, strict and inviolable, binds me from saying more ; already have I disclosed too much.’

“ In vain were my entreaties to lady St. Aubin ; but I now knew my birth was noble. I resolved never to disgrace it, and solemnly vowed never to visit again Bidet till I had seen my mother ; which vow I made in the apartment where I found the embroidered arms. Folding them up as my greatest treasure,
I privately

I privately left the castle, where I had been so carefully educated, and soon reached the troops commanded by count Dunois, the brave brother of the duke of Orleans * * * *

What were my emotions as I viewed the dun bull on the armour of lord Falconbridge! * * * *

After the battle was over, I found myself a prisoner. I asked for lord Falconbridge, and, to my infinite vexation, learned he had quitted Pontoise, leaving me to the charge of the duke of York, whose duchess was his sister.

“Hastily I asked the name of the duchess, and heard it was Cicely. I was sick with impatience. ‘Sure, sure this lady, whose humanity, whose generosity is so loudly praised, must be my mother! Yet I will do nothing rashly; she is married! that, no doubt, is the secret cause why she forsakes me. I will not give her cause to curse me!’ Some hidden

hidden attachment, I supposed, was the cause of my birth.

“ I saw the duke; the long-wished-for time was arrived; I begged to return in person my thanks to the duchess, to whom I owed my liberty. My request was granted; too well you, my mother, remember the result. Lingered at Pontoise, against the duke’s order, again I was imprisoned. The duke of Orleans, at length hearing of my detention, procured my release, when you were returned to England.

“ I flew to my benefactor; embracing me, he cried—‘ My adopted son, thou art worthy such a mother as Cicely !’

‘ Oh ! speak,’ I cried, ‘ my lord ! leave me no longer in ignorance what are the claims I have on your, on lady St. Aubin’s kindness ? what right have I to call the duchess of York mother ? why, if such she is, has she banished me her presence ?’

“ Ah,

“Ah, my mother! how was I agitated by the recital the duke gave me of your suffering, of my own strange destiny, which was for ever to deny my residing in England!

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“Wandering from place to place, the ghost of my former self, I found myself at Calais, the white cliffs of England for ever in my sight. I could bear it no longer; I crossed the sea which divided me from you. Learning you were at Wigmores, I flew to behold you. No, I would not, I thought, offend; but return again to the protector of my youth without discovering myself to you. I could not restrain myself. How was it possible, when I heard you lament for me?”

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Sometimes

Sometimes I resolved openly to avow my son, my noble, generous child; I would implore for him the protection of my husband; his justice, his honour, would make him the defender of injured innocence; yet the long concealment which had been made—my thoughts then reverted to my uncle the cardinal, of whose protection I might be assured; again my cooler judgment represented the avarice of that haughty prelate, and I shrunk from the thought. “*When a descendant of thine,*” said the vision to my father, “*takes as his arms the bear and ragged staff, the rivers of England shall be red with blood.*” Well I know Beaufort will stop at nothing to gratify his ruling passion. The jarring interests of so many can never be reconciled. England will be a scene of uproar and bloodshed. Still shall my child rest upon the kindness of Orleans, whom I found had entirely concealed the fatal rencounter

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ter of Barcelona from his charge ; and I determined to explain to my beloved son the reason, so long concealed, of the prohibition.

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“ Let me but, my mother, remain in England ; let me but sometimes behold you, the bear and ragged staff shall never be borne as the arms of your son ; I will not aspire to the honoured name of Beauchamp.”

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“ Has not, my son, the duke of Orleans hopes that yet you may recover the estates of the noble house of D’Aranjeus ? The obligations of De Luna, the favourite of the Castilian monarch, are great to the duke ; sure he will interest himself in your favour ; shall the descendant

scendant of the Beauchamps rank with the vassals of his house? In Castile yet shall the right heir of D'Aranjeus be acknowledged; yet, my child, shalt thou triumph over don Alvarez."

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How severely did I feel this parting with my son! I had made exertions above my strength in appearing before him with composure, and I was confined some time to my bed, where I gave way to reflections the most agonizing. My son I had doomed to wander far from me in search of wealth, of honours, he might never attain; whatever light I looked upon the strange destiny which attended him struck fresh pangs to my heart. Alas! could I break the solemn promise I made my father, and involve my native land in confusion? Could I bear to see him in England without

aspiring to the rank he would so nobly fill?

Weak and languid, the mere shadow of my former self, I was just able to again leave my room, when, with a countenance distorted by rage, appeared my husband, whom I supposed still in France. I screamed with terror and surprise.

“ * * * * * Base and deceitful woman!” he loudly cried, “dost thou think to deceive me! Too long have I tamely borne with thee; I know of the visit of Orleans, in the disguise given him by Beaufort, to thee at Fotheringay. At Pontoise I suspected thy infamy; at Wigmore it was confirmed, when in the arbour thou met thy youthful minion * * * * *

I was seized with repeated faintings, and was conveyed to my apartment. Ere morning my lord was father to another son; without condescending to see
me,

me, he returned to France, which he had left secretly. I was commanded to follow as soon as I was able to travel.

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Arrived in London, I had an interview with my uncle Beaufort, who closely questioned me concerning what the duke had assiduously concealed; who, though believing me guilty, yet thought it was by no means requisite to avow to the world his knowledge of my supposed guilt, and hoped still to preserve my influence with the cardinal; but he, who had spies in every family of consequence, knew sufficient to alarm him.

To my uncle I acknowledged the imagined lover was my son; that early in life I was secretly married; that a fatal accident had deprived my husband of

life, leaving this only child, to whom the duke of Orleans was guardian.

“No child,” he exclaimed, “then of York shall inherit my estates! Give him a name! Speak, Cicely; was his father noble?”

“Oh yes, my lord! my child derives his descent from houses of ancient nobility; but spare, ah! spare me on this subject! reasons deep and inexplicable preclude my saying who——

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With a coldness bordering on disgust, I was met at landing in France by my husband. Ah, Matilda! how hard was this to bear! The consciousness of my innocence alone supported me. Still in public the duke treated me with respect; alas! my children, for you I bore all his private indignities.

“I know,” said York, “you married
me

me in compliance with your brother's commands; you cannot accuse me of cruelty."

Ah! sure, Matilda, I could not; certain I must appear guilty to my lord; nor could by any means but one vindicate myself——

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Reinstated in the good graces of his sovereign, the duke of Orleans procured a truce with England. Peace succeeded; yet I heard not of my son. Every action watched, each word commented on, I was kept by my lord a kind of prisoner, at a castle near Rouen, at which city a splendid tournament was proclaimed, where met again, in friendly jousts, the knights of France and England. I assisted in bestowing the prizes; my favours were, as usual, the WHITE

ROSE. Sick of all the pomp and parade attendant upon me, I went through it as a mere machine.

The duke of Orleans, though challenged by York, refused to appear, alleging an excuse, of which I easily divined the cause.

On the third day arrived a Spanish knight, whose gallant appearance interested every one in his favour. His armour was richly embossed with silver roses; on his shield a bear held a bunch of the same flowers; on the back of the animal rested the arms of D'Aranjeus.

Oh Matilda! could I fail to recognise, in that graceful form—*my son*? The whole scene swam before my sight; I respired with difficulty. The squire of this knight threw down his gauntlet, proclaiming that the count D'Aranjeus had travelled from Castile, in order to encounter some of the gallant knights there assembled. The shield borne by
the

the 'squire was plain, except a border of lilies, which enclosed a *white rose*. In vain was the disguise; the mien of the duke of Orleans could not be concealed: I saw through it.

My son bore off each prize; bestowing them, what did a mother feel!—"Too rash youth," I softly cried, as he stooped to take up the favour which fell from my trembling hand, "why did you venture here?"

"Alas!" said he, with an air of seeming gallantry, "what avails fame, if not rewarded by your smiles?"

The duke of York was near, and heard this speech of D'Aranjeus, and soon after declared his intention of encountering the brave Castilian, whose address had vanquished all opposition. I shuddered as I heard this declaration; the fatal rencounter at Barcelona was present to my view.

Advancing, my son fell at the feet of
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the duke—"Excuse me, my lord," said he, "nor impute to cowardice what is the effect of necessity. I am obliged to be at Toledo on a certain day, to settle there affairs of importance, and doubt I shall not arrive in time should I not leave Rouen within an hour; I decline therefore the combat, though to be vanquished by the duke of York would reflect no disgrace on D'Aranjeus."



The gay carousals at an end, I returned to my solitude. Adjoining to this castle were the remains of a monastery, founded by the first Christian princes. Its holy inhabitants had been removed to Rouen by the Norman dukes, and the building suffered to decay; sculptured tombs, on which were inscribed ancient characters, which I understood not, proved its former grandeur, and added to the solemn appearance it made. There oft,
when

when I escaped from the vigilance of those who rather guarded than attended me, I would wander, indulging my sad reflections during those hours consecrated to reflection.

The evening after my return from Rouen, early dismissing my attendants, I extinguished my taper, and sat down gazing on this majestic ruin, of which my chamber-window afforded me a full view; the moonbeams fell in fantastic shadows through the broken windows and disjointed walls, whose lofty sides cast a dark shade over the adjoining land; a nightingale, perched in a neighbouring grove, poured forth her plaintive notes, which accorded with my soul's sadness; it ceased; all nature was hushed in silence—"All," said I, rising, "sleeps but me; I will, ere I again water my couch with nightly tears, pay my devotions at the foot of yon long-neglected altar."

I had lately found a way which led from an adjoining closet into the cloisters, and it was by this means I was enabled to indulge in my solitary rambles when all my guards were wrapped in sleep. Slowly I walked up the ruined aisle, the heavens my only canopy; the roof had long since been the prey of sacrilegious hands; the rough, massy pillars which had supported it remained, and seemed to bid defiance to time. I knelt where in other times had stood the high altar—"Oh, preserve," I cried, "my son, my noble-minded child! may the race which is set before him be run with honour! and grant, oh! grant he may be more fortunate than his father, more happy than his sad mother! may the curse, the fatal curse of the rash count D'Aranjeus be spent! may he ever show his gratitude to the gallant, the generous preservers of his infant years!" I paused a few minutes. "Ah! may

may my memory descend to my children unblemished! may my husband be convinced of my innocence!"

"My mother! behold your son, him for whom your pious orisons were poured out!" and, Matilda, ere I could believe it was no dream, but indeed my son, the duke of Orleans advanced, saying—"Yes, Cicely, I trust it is spent—the fatal curse shall not reach your son, who is now indeed count D'Aranjeus."

Behold me, Matilda, seated on an antique tomb, supported by my son, the duke bending over us with a look which seemed to say—"Yet, yet, Cicely, I have not sufficiently atoned for the rash deed at Barcelona."

The moon shone full on the beautiful face of D'Aranjeus. As I clasped him to my bosom, my full heart was relieved by tears. The interesting countenances of the duke and D'Aranjeus underwent

many changes whilst they related to me the following account:—

“On leaving you at Wigmore Castle, I took the road to London, and embarked for Spain, where I safely landed, and set out on my journey to Toledo. I found Castile in a state of tumult, don Alvarez de Luna protected by the king, hated by the people. I arrived at a village near the castle of the count De Montauban at the time when it was surrounded by a number of discontented and factious people, who demanded he would head them against the troops of the king and his favourite. Terrified, the fair donna Leonora, the countess’s daughter, fled by a private way with one page and a damsel——

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‘Accept,’ said the count, ‘my thanks; say, young man, how can I recompense
your

your courage, how reward the preserver of my child's life and honour ?'

"At that moment I forgot I had come to Castile to claim the titles and estates of D'Aranjeus, and only thought how best to recommend myself to Leonora, by what means to have access to her, and asked of her father a post in his household.

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"How happily stole away those moments ! to be beloved by the fair heiress of De Montauban recompensed, ah ! more than recompensed the indignities to which, in this disguise, I submitted.

* * * * *

"Travelling to Pampeluna, near which, in right of his mother, the count had large possessions, in a defile of the mountains, over which our road lay, we were beset by robbers. Leonora in danger,
the

the life of her father at stake, I did at that moment more than I thought myself capable of. It was wonderful; the retinue of the count was overcome; himself and the lovely donna Leonora bound and prisoners, I arrived but in time to preserve, and rushed like a lion upon the banditti.

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‘Speak!’ cried the count; ‘why this downcast look? Why, young man, do you refuse to accept my offers? are you what you appear? Your knowledge in so many ways astonishes me; have you, by offending against the state, been banished your native land?’

‘I am not, ’tis true, my lord, what I seem; France is not my native land; I was born in Castile, of English parents, whither my father came to claim estates which descended to him from his grandmother. When my parents quitted Castile,

tile,

tile, I was left with donna Catalina, who kindly undertook the charge of my infancy ; she died without informing don Juan, her son, of the claims I had ; I was deprived of my right, and became a dependant on the bounty of——’

‘Mighty God!’ cried the count, ‘is it possible! Speak! was it D’Aranjeus whom you say deprived you of your right?’

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“The mystery was explained; Montauban was a title lately granted to the count D’Aranjeus, and I found the heiress of Montauban was my rival in the estates of the fair donna Theresa. I revealed all I knew of my birth; the well-remembered locket of my grandmother authenticated the truth.

‘I will not oppose,’ said the count, what Heaven itself seems to ordain; my only child, the rich heiress of my possessions,

possessions, a prize contended for by all the noble youth of Castile and Navarre, is yours; the title so long contested I will yield to your valour—your wisdom shall adorn it.'

"No sooner did the news reach the duke of Orleans than he set out for Castile, bearing with him a deed by which the rich cardinal of Beaufort had constituted me his heir, as soon as he learned my existence, which, by a purpose and secret messenger, he had sent my noble guardian to France.

"The old count did not long survive my marriage; I paid the last offices to his memory with all the pomp his high station demanded. The estate, the title of D'Aranjeus rested with me. I longed to present myself to you, and heard you were in France. 'Go,' said my beloved Leonora, 'don Juan——'

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'Again

“ Again I visited Bidet. In France the subject of general conversation was the marriage of Margaret of Anjou and the king of England; all spoke of the tournament at Rouen. The duke of Orleans, though declining the offered combat by York, attended me as an humble ’squire.

“ Afraid of a discovery, we left Rouen, and waiting your return to your solitary abode, took up our station amidst those ruins.”

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Impatiently I saw the declining sun sink in the sky, and the hour of rest approached, when again I should behold my son. The duke was, I hoped, ere then, many miles distant from Rouen, as when, at daybreak, I parted with him and D’Aranjeus, he proposed immediately

ately quitting the ruins, and setting out for —.

Softly I left my apartment, and was again seated on the tomb where, the night before, I had listened to the wonderful tale of my son, and where that night I was to bid him adieu, perhaps for years. The door behind the altar opened; my son advanced to meet me. I heard some hasty steps sound amidst the ruined aisles—"Retire instantly," said I, "my child."

"Leave you, my mother, exposed to midnight ruffians! What, shall the son of lord Beauchamp desert you in danger?" cried D'Aranjeus, drawing his sword.

Advancing from the gloom which covered that part of the building, appeared a few chosen soldiers, on whose weapons the moonbeams fell; my husband was at the head of this little troop. He flew with fury against my son; I rushed between

tween them—"Oh ! spare, my lord——"
I would have said, "my child !" but the sword of York pierced my side, the blood gushed out, and I fell insensible on the pavement.


* * * * *

A woman I never before had seen saluted my returning senses ; York, D'Aranjeus, both were gone. In vain were my repeated questions ; in vain I asked to see my husband ; I was told I should never behold him more ; that they were forbid to answer me any questions. I refused to have my wound dressed, till, frantic with pain and distress of mind, I was bound, Matilda, a miserable lunatic in my bed. What days, what nights of horror did I sustain ! Now screaming aloud, I imagined the sword of my lord just plunging in my bosom ; then the bleeding form of my son stood before me, and shrieking for help

help till my strength was exhausted, I could no longer articulate my fears.

Reason at length, by slow degrees, began to revisit her long-forsaken mansion; these glimpses were transitory, and succeeded by fits of sullen melancholy.

After one night less sleepless than usual, I was standing by a window of my apartment, when a faint recollection struck on my brain of the surrounding objects. The door of an adjoining closet stood ajar: I entered, examining, with a childish curiosity, the tapestry with which it was adorned, when my attention was engaged by two pictures which hung at the upper end of the closet; I burst into tears; with those tears came a sad recollection of their cause. One was the portrait of a handsome youth, who appeared in the bloom of life; the arms denoted he was of the noble family of Beauchamp; the other was the portrait of a lady, whose bright auburn tresses



tresses fell over a neck of polished beauty; her large dark eyes were expressive of uncommon sweetness and intelligence; could I have been misled by their resemblance to my ever-loved, ever-lamented Beauchamp, yet the joint arms of Fitzhugh and D'Aranjeus assured me it was the portrait of the fair Theresa of Cutherstone, the mother of my dear lord. I gazed, with aching eyes, on the pictures; nor was the subject of the tapestry less interesting; it represented a lovely infant, who, with a man and woman, were borne away by a stream, which they appeared to have been crossing on horseback. Another part represented a lady fainting in the arms of a knight, whose faces corresponded with the portraits. A priest stood near, and at their feet lay the dead body of the woman represented with the child; a river ran past them, and a distant view of an abbey (I knew to be that of Fountaine) formed

formed the back of the piece. All, all convinced me it was the sad story of lord Beauchamp and Theresa; where then could I be? I went to the window; it was far above my reach.

I went to the window of my own apartment; I was indeed in a castle of the Beauchamps; the rapid waters of the Tees flowed past the foot of the rock on which it stood. I saw the castle of the Fitzhughs, the forest of Marwood; beyond was the forest and mountains of Teesdale. Yes, Matilda, I was in the Castle of Barnard.

Sitting down, I endeavoured to recollect the past. Ah! too clearly for my peace, I remembered where last I saw my son, the sword of my husband pointed at his breast; that it pierced mine; that I fainted, and when I recovered, my husband and son were both gone. I recollected refusing to have my wound dressed, or take any support, unless my
inquiries

inquiries were answered ; what followed I knew not, all was sad, dark, dreary. I was lost in a labyrinth of conjecture, when the door opening, the women entered who attended me.—“ Tell me,” I cried with vehemence, “ nor any longer imagine me frantic, where I am ! Oh ! tell me, is not this a castle of the Beauchamps ? Has lady Warwick rose from the dead to persecute me ? Why am I imprisoned here ? where is my husband, the duke of York ? Speak ! nor fright, by your cruel silence, from their seat my new-recovered senses.”

“ Ah, my beloved mistress ! I will no longer be restrained from attending you !” cried my faithful Bridget, who, pushing past the person who first entered, fell at my feet.

I raised, and embracing her, joined my tears to hers.

* * * * *

* * * * *

I was

“I was waked,” said Bridget, “in the dead of night, but not permitted to attend you, though I was informed you were wounded; no one knew the cause. The duke of York was also wounded, and brought into the castle; him I attended; but there was a person who accompanied him, in the same situation, whom no one saw but the confidential servant of the duke. They staid three days, when, at midnight, they set out, but I know not what road they took.

“In vain were my solicitations to see you, but I learned you refused food, or to have your wound dressed. Soon after I was admitted, my dear mistress, to your chamber, and found you, alas! in a way which I thought would have rendered me as you were; you knew me not—you knew no one; you raved of your husband, of your child. I supported myself; your other attendants were, I knew, either ignorant wretches, who, hardened to scenes of misery, felt not
for

for you, or creatures of the duke of York, ever ready to misinterpret each frantic expression.

* * * * *

“I attended you, my lady, to England. We were some time at Wigmore, when suddenly, at night, we left it, and took the road to where we now are. We were only a day’s journey from Wigmore, when the cardinal’s steward arrived there, examining every servant in the castle concerning you; but all persisted in saying they supposed you still in France; for such were the orders they had received, as the duke is afraid of the power of lord Beaufort, to whom I would have declared you were in England, and a prisoner in the castle of Barnard; but I trembled for the consequence, and feared no longer I might be permitted to attend upon you were I to disclose your situation, from which no human

power could relieve you. Well I was aware of the mighty mischief it would cause if known to your uncle, who now may be said to rule England, as he was the promoter of the match, you know, between the king and Margaret of Anjou, whose influence predominates so far, that the duke of Gloucester has been accused of treason and thrown into prison, where he died, it is said, of poison, or some other violence * * * *

Haste then, my dear lady; the lord cardinal will protect you from the duke; I can procure a disguise."

"No, Bridget, I will not fly; it is by my husband's commands, no doubt, I am here. Alas! shall my children be taught to call me, as York has done, names at which I shudder? No! here shall I stay, patiently bearing every torment that the jealousy of York or the malice of the Beauchamps can invent. Already are the troubles of this miserable
land

land begun ; I will not involve my husband in quarrels for me, nor shall the Beauchamps triumph over my impatience."

"The Beauchamps, lady," replied my faithful damsel, "no longer own those lands or towers ; your nephew Richard, heir of the earl of Salisbury, is the lord now."

"Where is then, Bridget," said I, in accents of surprise, "where is the only son of Richard earl of Warwick, who succeeded to his title and estates, who married, ere his father's death, my niece Cicely, the daughter of Salisbury?"

"Henry," she replied, "heaped on him honours and titles, which he lived not to enjoy ; his vast estates went to his sister Anne, who married Richard Neville, and the king is shortly expected to give him the title of Warwick."

I was struck with this intelligence. "Ah, my child !" I exclaimed, "was it

for this I have acted so unnatural a part? was it for this I have patiently endured my husband's vile suspicions? Oh, my father! too sure will the prophecy be fulfilled! well, Richard, do I know thy ambition! *The rivers of thy native land shall flow with the blood of her children*; the descendant of the earl of Westmoreland bears as his arms *the bear and ragged staff*!"

Bridget looked as if terrified.

"Go," said I, "my worthy creature; be not afraid of me, I shall soon be well."

* * * * *

I knelt before the portraits of lord Beauchamp and his beauteous spouse—"Oh! pardon," I cried, "dear parents of my ever-lamented lord, the errors of her who thus solemnly promises she will no longer disown her child, if yet he lives! Unnatural, hard-hearted, unworthy the name, the fond, the sacred name
of

of mother! no," said I, rising, "I will no longer bear this load of infamy! I will write to the lord cardinal; I will send for my nephew of Westmoreland; his open and generous temper knows not the disguise of courts. Percy too——

* * * * *

I begged to walk up the court of the castle; over the battlements waved the *arms of the Beauchamps* and the *dun bull* of the Nevilles. A long-forgotten idea rose in my mind; I recalled the time when I dreamt; thus said the venerable form of sir William Fitzhugh—"When thou sittest in the castle of the Beauchamps, which overhangs the rapid waters of the Tees, when its owners are changed, and the dun bull waves over the battlements, open then the packet thou foundst in the cave of Teesdale."

I hastened to my apartment, and inquired of Bridget for a casket, in which

I had ever carefully preserved this packet. I drew it forth, and dismissed my attendant. With trembling hands I opened the seal, and found under it, in a number of folds, a silver key, and a piece of paper, on which was written—
“This is the key of the ivory cabinet which contains all the papers relative to my unfortunate child and her son; the cabinet is concealed in the closet (which represents the sad story in tapestry) behind the picture of Theresa, which was brought from Cutherstone at the request of the earl of Warwick, and placed next to that of his son.”

* * * * *

All, Matilda, was there; the earl's will, by which he secured to the child of Theresa of Cutherstone his vast estates, with a will of sir William's, leaving his lands and riches also to that child, if ever found; the testimony of the marriage of
lord

lord Beauchamp, and the birth of the child of Theresa—all were there. “Unlooked-for! unhoped-for!” I exclaimed; “how inscrutable are the decrees of Providence, who out of evil bringeth good! When lady Warwick ransacked the cave of father Ambrose, little did she dream that there existed in the stately castle of Barnard such certain proofs——

* * * * *

I wrote now, Matilda, to the cardinal —“Procure,” said I, “my lord, the release of an unfortunate creature who claims your protection; then will I speak to you of my child, will avow his birth; you will find it does not disgrace your Cicely; that the alliance she so early formed could not degrade the blood of the Plantagenets which flowed in her veins, nor sully the honour of the Nevilles, whose name she proudly bore.

* * * * *

The messenger had been gone three days; I was sitting anxiously calculating when he might return, when, suddenly bursting open the door, my husband appeared, who bore in his hand a letter—"What meant you, Cicely," cried he, "by imploring the protection of the cardinal? meant you, by imposing false tales upon him, to procure my ruin? But your plots, artful as you deemed them, are overthrown: behold this your writing; and know, false, treacherous woman, your rich, your powerful uncle, the bishop of Winchester, the cardinal of England, the lord of so many lands, the director of councils, the avaricious possessor of wealth unbounded, is dead! Yes, proud dame! he died a death more miserable than that he caused the good duke Humphrey of Gloucester to suffer; at that moment what availed his wealth or his power, when, tormented by the sting of conscience, his trembling soul took its flight."

At

At the sudden appearance of York I had given an involuntary scream, but the news of the lord cardinal's death deprived me almost of motion.

"What," rejoined the duke, "do you not weep, and lament the death of your uncle?"

"Yes," I calmly replied, "I do lament his death, my lord; in him I have lost a steady friend."

"And I, madam," said York, "my most inveterate foe."

"Yet," I resumed, "my lord, though no longer the cardinal can protect me, are not my alliances numerous and powerful? did I wish any protection but yours, sure I might safely depend on them for it; a wife, who never swerved from her duty, implores on her bended knees that you will not thus utterly desert her."

"Ah, perjured woman! can you hope to blind me, as you expected to have done Beaufort? * * * * *

“Alas! my lord, he was indeed my son!”

“Why then did you not declare it at Wigmore? Why not, at Rouen, declare the count D’Aranjeus was your son? Weak and wicked woman, these arts will not avail with York; would not he have said, in justification of thine honour and to procure his own enlargement when so long imprisoned, he was thy child, had it been so? But then, thou disgrace to the noble house from whence thou sprung! this tale was unthought of.”

“Ah, my lord! patiently have I borne reproach, unable to vindicate myself. Alas! the fatal secret—what days, what years of misery has it cost me to keep it! Oh! I conjure you, my lord, tell me, does my child yet live—does he yet survive the long imprisonment of which you speak, or has he, noble and unfortunate youth, fallen a victim to his filial piety? Oh! say, rack me not with
suspense,

suspense, nor drive again reason from the seat on which it sits so loosely."

"Explain," cried York, with an air of reserved dignity, which was natural to him, "what is it you mean by this secret? Till then, Cicely, I resolve no questions you ask"

Throwing open the door of the closet—"Behold," I cried, "my lord, those pictures! look at the story wove in tapestry! here view this cabinet!—it contains papers relative to the too-late-disclosed secret. * * * * *

* * Sure now the fatal curse is exhausted which the rash count D'Aranjeus uttered against the fair heiress of his fortune! has not a descendant of Ralph of Westmoreland borne as his arms the *bear and ragged staff*? Ah, my lord! was it for this I have suffered suspicion so unjust? My nephew usurps the rights of my child; should he come into England, will you not protect him? Ought not Richard Neville to yield the

lands and castles of the Beauchamps to their true owner, to the legal heir?"

"Too long, Cicely, have you deferred acknowledging this gallant youth; your promise to your father, the dread of the prophecy, should not have made you conceal it from me, when I wounded you with suspicion so unjust; yet had I not cause to suspect? Why did you not earlier disclose the mystery? what a vast sum of misery would it have saved! Will Richard yield his claims? Are you ignorant of my connexion with your brother Salisbury? I cannot, Cicely, support his pretensions, yet will I do all in my power for your son; the deed, I doubt not, exists which constituted him heir to the riches of the cardinal. Suffolk and Margaret, who hope to divide the spoil, shall not oppose my intentions; every connexion shall unite to protect him; it shall be a common cause to defend the descendant of Cicely.

* * * * *

“In warding my blows,” continued the duke, “with his sword, D’Aranjeus wounded me, as I had him before. My attendants overpowered him; he was bound, and conveyed into the castle. I resolved to confine him for life. The duke of Orleans informed me, in a visit he privately made at the castle, that he knew the count D’Aranjeus was my prisoner. ‘You know,’ said he, ‘my interest at the court of Castile; don Juan will most highly resent the detention of his grandee; should you not release him, war will be the inevitable consequence.

* * * *

“Orleans and his friend both took an oath never to visit England, or come within twenty miles of Rouen. On these conditions I agreed to release D’Aranjeus, allowing them to behold you ere they left the castle, as they feared you had fallen a victim to my rage. Insensible, oft you called upon my name; you
conjured

conjured me to save your son, the count D'Aranjeus. I regarded not those ravings, and complied with the request, conscious you would not know them. Unknown to all but my faithful James, we entered the castle, and visited the apartment where you were.

“Your hair was dishevelled, your dress strangely romantic; on your head was a coronet of flowers, a shepherd's crook fancifully decorated lay by you. ‘Who,’ said you, rising, ‘come you to seek in this sequestered vale? Monsieur Bidet and my son are gone to yonder mountains; they chase there the wild goat; I am left to guard the sheep.’

“You stopped. ‘Nay, if you know me, tell not my father I am in Piedmont. Yet he will forgive me—yes, he was ever kind and indulgent.’ You then lost that idea, and, screaming aloud, clasped the duke of Orleans in your arms—‘I will be your shield,’ you wildly cried; ‘fear not, my son! York, this is
Beauchamp;

Beauchamp; sir William Fitzhugh, the friend of the earl of Westmoreland, was his grandfather!’ Then letting go the duke, you again stopped; then in a tone full of terror, cried—‘Bloody, bloody York! behold the fatal deed thou hast done! yes, see there lays the last victim! Fatal curse! now is thy fury spent; not one is left—no, not one! What, was it my husband did this? No, Cicely has no husband—no child! Oh yes,’ again you mildly cried, ‘at York was I betrothed; I will search, for sure——’ and you ran shrieking out of the apartment.

* * * * *

“Deeply lamenting, they quitted me, and I left the castle convinced of your insanity, convinced that appearances were strangely against you.”

“Yes, had I been guilty as you supposed me, I had cause to thank your mercy; ever, my lord, will Cicely bear in her memory your goodness in concealing

cealing those suspicions which, if known, must have lifted the finger of scorn at the mother of your children."

"Let us," said my husband, "mutually forgive each other," embracing me with kindness.

"Allow me, my lord, to appear again as your wife; allow me again to embrace my children; let me not desert them as I did the count D'Aranjeus."

"Yes, my more than ever esteemed wife! to-morrow you shall accompany me to Fotheringay, from whence I will send a trusty messenger to the court. Meanwhile, till your son arrive in England, the affair shall be kept secret; when he comes, I doubt not of his being soon in full possession of the cardinal's riches, and, I fear not, of titles equal to those he may then peaceably relinquish."

* * * * *

Watching over the infant days of my lovely offspring, and forming plans
against

against the arrival of the count D'Aranjeus, I spent my days at Fotheringay ; happy in being reinstated in the esteem of my husband, and blessed at times with the society of my sisters, I enjoyed a degree of happiness I had not often experienced.

The duke of York had been thanked for his conduct in France, and the regency continued to him for five years ; Beaufort and Gloucester dead, the queen and the duke of Suffolk ruled every thing. Ambitious woman ! you began the fatal quarrel between the houses of York and Lancaster, by bestowing on my cousin, Edmund duke of Somerset, the regency, of which York was deprived ; he behaved on the occasion with prudence, with moderation, training in secret his son Edward to grasp at that crown which he afterwards wore.

* * * * *

Sick with expectation, I had begun to
despair,

despair, when at length news arrived that the count D'Aranjeus, his lady and child, had embarked at Seville for England, that the ship had been taken by the Moors, and ere it reached its port all perished. * * * * *

Ah, my son! again was I doomed not to behold thee. The ways of Providence, are they not inscrutable? The vision said, *the inheritance of my child lay in Castile*; my nephew, already created earl of Warwick, in possession of the land and castles, even the deed by which my uncle Beaufort gave his riches to my son—would not it prove a fresh cause of dissension?

The duke of Orleans wrote to me (inclosing it to my husband) a long letter of consolation; I felt now for this amiable prince a friendship ardent and sincere, such as he professed for me.

* * * * *

When the duke my husband returned
from

from Ireland, the latent animosity between him and the duke of Somerset broke out with violence.

At Blackheath York was deceived, and, you know, imprisoned. Margaret afraid of him and his powerful connexions, he was set at liberty. We retired to Wigmore Castle. I felt not for my husband that romantic love, that overpowering passion, which he never sought, never obtained; yet I entertained for him a friendship sincere and ardent, and paid to him all that respect his character merited, with an esteem which flowed from my heart. I looked up to him as my protector, as the protector of my children, as the protector of D'Aranjeus, had Providence allowed his return.

Ah! why did ambition break in upon the comforts at Wigmore? when there, you remember you were with me, and our days were chiefly spent in educating my children, whose dispositions were unfolding

folding to my view. I marked the gaiety, the levity of EDWARD; the noble frankness, the courage, yet mildness of EDMUND—oft used he to recall to me my beloved D'Aranjeus. Even in his infancy was GEORGE fickle and unsteady, and the childish days of RICHARD were marked by cruelty, by deceit, and cunning; unfeeling, he for ever was inventing mischief to his brothers.

The early days of MARGARET promised the genius she afterwards displayed; her mind towered above her sex; such, once, Matilda, was Jane, my noble-minded sister. Over this child I anxiously watched; her soul looked through her eyes, lighting a countenance of infinite beauty; later in life she reminds me of the countess my mother, with less of that *hauteur* ELIZABETH partook
of * * * *

My husband, accompanied by the earl of Salisbury and Warwick, appeared in London with a numerous force. The
duke

duke of York was appointed regent of the kingdom * * * * *

I was obliged to quit the peace I had known at Wigmore, and hasten to London.

* * * * *

Henry, recovering from his malady, resumed the reins of government; the duke of Somerset was released; York fled to Wales. At Ludlow I met my husband, at the head of a numerous army, with whom was my brother Salisbury and his son Richard; the duke of Norfolk also was there. Ah! too true was the prophecy which said—*When thy descendant, Ralph of Raby, takes as his arms the bear and ragged staff, the lands of England shall be watered by her children's blood!*

“Go, Cicely,” said my lord, “to Wigmore; there guard our children; if I fall, alas! ’midst my wide-extended possessions, they may not find a hovel to shelter

shelter their innocent heads; the usurping house of Lancaster no doubt will protect *you*."

I thought the manner of York cold and sarcastic; he was irritated at the ill success of those negociations which he entrusted me to conduct with the powerful chieftains of the North, Percy, Dacre, Westmoreland. "Think you," I replied, with fervour, "York, I would sue to the haughty Margaret for protection? No, my lord, I will take refuge in Ireland, ^{now} where your name shall protect them and me. Send, if you are worsted, a trusty page with a bloody rose; it will suffice; I will then quit Wigmore."

You know, my Matilda, the bloody day of St. Albans followed. Ah! thou beloved consort of my gentle sister Eleanor, how did I weep the untimely death thou metest there, fighting against my husband! Alas, my sister! I durst not condole with thee! yet oft have I received

ceived that comfort from lady Northumberland I now was denied bestowing.

At St. Albans' bloody field fell, on the side of Lancaster, my cousin Edmund duke of Somerset, the rival of my husband. Thus began, Matilda, those quarrels which plunged our unhappy country into war and bloodshed. If York, if Lancaster prevailed, still I wept some loved relation lost, some dear friend's death.

When the news of Henry being wounded and conducted by York to London reached me, it was brought by the chief'squire of my lord, who wore in triumph the white rose, which all who adhered to the duke wore. Soon after the red rose was assumed by the Lancastrians. Fatal badges! miserable distinctions! oft have we, Matilda, seen father and son wear those of different houses. I was ordered to remove with my children to the castle of Fotheringay.

The duke of York was declared protector of the realm; moderate, wise, and prudent,.

prudent, was his conduct ; he was looked up to as the saviour of the land— · * *

* * * * * How unstable is greatness, how variable public favour ! Impatient again to govern, as she had done, queen Margaret caused the weak king to deprive my husband of his post. Salisbury and Warwick, equally disgusted, retired to their castles of Middleham and Barnard, as did the duke of York to Sandale.

* * * * *

A summons arrived to the duke and earls of Salisbury and Warwick from Margaret, in the king's name, to attend him at Coventry, where the court was. I accompanying, we set forward with a splendid train of attendants. When we rested, at about forty miles from Coventry, for the night, I was told a pilgrim prayed to see me in private. What was my amazement when, throwing aside
the

the veil which concealed her face, I beheld my sister Eleanor!

“Come not, my beloved Cicely,” she said, “to Coventry; the life of your husband, our brother Salisbury, his son Warwick, all are in danger! In this disguise I have, at the hazard of my own safety, come to warn you. Reveal not how you come by the knowledge—myself, my family, might be the sacrifice to Margaret’s resentment.”

“Ah, my sister! why has the ambition of York, of the Nevilles, endangered their safety! Alas! too dear have I paid for——

* * * * *

What a night of misery I spent! No sooner did I think my sister would be safe from being overtaken by York’s party, than, rising, I waked my lord; I told him the pilgrim had disclosed to me the danger, exacting a promise so many

hours should elapse ere I disclosed what I knew. * * * * *

Salisbury went to Middleham, Warwick to his government of Calais, while I, with my lord, hastily crossing the country, safely arrived at Wigmore, where my younger children were. Soon, Matilda, were you with me.

* * * * *

Sure I need not recall to you the pompous procession to St. Paul's, or the feigned reconciliation; you heard the perjuries, you saw the duke of York hand the haughty queen to the church, amidst the loud acclamations of the populace; the crowded streets were rent with shouts of joy. Ah, Matilda! remember the gay scene, amidst which the numerous retainers of the earl of Warwick were distinguished from those of all others by their red coats, embroidered with the arms of the family.

You

* * * * *

You accompanied us into Yorkshire, as did the earl of Salisbury; Warwick went to Calais.

* * * * *

It was not long after your return to Lumley that the fray happened between the servants of the queen and those of Warwick, in which he narrowly escaped with life. Afraid of his power, yet also afraid of his numerous retinue, Margaret took this secret method to dispatch him.

Without stopping to sleep, or, even rest, Warwick journeyed from London to Middleham Castle, where I was with my lord. Never, never shall I forget the countenance of Richard! he was almost suffocated with rage at the base attempt thus treacherously made, and swore, solemnly swore, revenge on the queen. In vain the duke endeavoured to calm the overflowings of madness with which the earl was seized.

* * * *

Ere the duke and earl parted, it was agreed York should openly claim the crown. He was accompanied by me to Wigmore; Warwick went to Calais, loudly, though vainly demanding punishment on those who had insulted him.

* * * *

Salisbury roused the northern vassals attached to the cause of York; Warwick returned from Calais; they met the duke at Ludlow; then followed the battle of Blore Heath, where, though he had the victory, yet deserted by most of his followers, he was obliged to fly to Ireland, taking with him Edmund, Edward earl of March, our eldest son, going to Calais with Warwick.

* * * *

Ah, my Matilda! how kind was it of you then, when I was deserted by all, and afraid of the haughty Margaret, yet
you

you forsook me not, but secluded yourself with me in the solitary cottage amidst the Welsh mountains! yet there Orleans discovered me; a letter, sent by a trusty page, assured me of his wish to serve me.

“A friendship, pure as it is ardent, Cicely, dictates my pen. You are not safe where Margaret rules; the gates of Bidet shall be open to receive you. Lady St. Aubin longs to embrace you; again shall Orleans be the guardian of your children. Haste! fly whilst yet in your power! a ship waits for you in the harbour of Milford.

ORLEANS.”

* * * * *

In our sequestered cottage we heard Warwick and March were returned from Calais, had entered London, as it were,

in triumph. We also heard of the battle at Northampton, between their army and that of Henry. Had York been present, the bloody deeds of that day would not have sullied the name of Warwick, no quarter being given to the nobility or gentry. Here had I to mourn the death of the duke of Buckingham, who fell fighting for Lancaster.

The courier of York arrived at my retreat—"The *white rose*," said my husband, writing to me, "is triumphant; leave instantly your retreat at Ludlow; an escort shall attend you to London, befitting the consort of the eldest branch of Plantagenet."

Ah, Matilda! could I fail to weep over the bloody laurels of Edward! The miserable king was brought a prisoner to London, whilst Margaret and the prince her son fled to the court of Scotland, whose king was descended from the house of Lancaster.

With regret I quitted my peaceful
cottage;

cottage; too sure I augured a quick reverse of fortune. I found the duke exercising the prerogatives of royalty, although he bore the humbler title of protector, Henry still retaining that of king, which, at his death, was to devolve to York and his heirs.

* * * * *

Margaret returned to England, accompanied by the young duke of Somerset, and an army composed of the borderers of both nations, who, inured to rapine and murder, followed her; allured by the promised plunder, they passed over the land like a destroying blast.

On the first rumour of this invasion I hastened into the North, to prevail on my nephews, the earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, to oppose their mad progress; but ere I reached Wakefield I learnt they had joined them at the head of all the force they could raise. I retired to Sandall Castle.

The duke of York and earl of Salisbury reached Wakefield, with a force far inferior to the queen's, whose ragged crew they scorned; they hoped to have prevented her being joined by the two northern chiefs. Edward and Warwick were left to guard the king.

As the troops of Margaret approached, the duke retreated to Sandall; with him was my son Edmund earl of Rutland.

* * * * *

"Your son has somewhat of importance, Cicely, to communicate to you; I will visit you soon again; at present I have affairs of much importance to transact."

"Ah! why, my mother," said Edmund, "have you so long delayed to tell me I had another brother? and such a brother! ah! had I known of his captivity, I would long ere now have either released him, or have died in the attempt!"

"What

“What do you rave of, Rutland? Alas! I had, it is true, once a son, whom you knew not.”

“Still, still, my mother, he lives! yes, the count D’Aranjeus lives; he waits to embrace you without.”

* * * * *

Scarce could I believe it was possible that it was indeed my son the count D’Aranjeus whom I saw thus miraculously preserved. The bloom of youth was fled; the countenance of my son declared he had sustained much since we parted. †

I wept with him the fate of his beloved Leonora and her infant son, who perished on the rocks of Barbary, whilst he escaped but to feel the horrors of slavery. Even there, Matilda, did the indefatigable friendship of the duke of Orleans find him; he it was who procured his ransom, and conveyed him to France, where, impatient to profit by the

assurances of friendship he had in Spain received from York, he hastened to London, and threw himself at the feet of my lord, who, assuring him of protection, introduced him to the earl of Rutland; they were mutually pleased with each other, and he accompanied them to the North.

* * * * *

Salisbury, when acquainted with the story of my son, who promised not to attempt recovering the estates of Warwick, offered to him his daughter with a large portion, whilst the duke of York assured him, if he returned triumphant to London, a title, added to that of Agincourt, given by Henry the Fifth to lord Beauchamp, should be his, together with the lands of the cardinal Beaufort. Ah, Matilda! what pleasing hopes filled my bosom!

* * * * *

Quickly

Quickly vanished all the fond schemes I had formed; Margaret, with her crew, closely besieged the castle we were in. York, Salisbury, D'Aranjeus, all felt impatient at the state of inaction; a sally was resolved upon.

"'Tis true, Cicely," said my husband, "our forces are trifling, compared to those of our enemies, yet I trust in Heaven, if indeed the *white rose* flees before the *red*, it may in its turn triumph! March is gone to Wales, where his influence is great. Should I fall, I have left you in the charge of Rutland; that amiable youth will pay you every attention a widowed parent has a right to hope for from such a son. Salisbury has solemnly sworn to protect the count D'Aranjeus, and to enforce on the heir of my fortunes what it may not be in my power to fulfil."

"Ah, my lord!" I weeping cried, "sure the wretched Cicely is not doom-

ed to survive all she holds dear, all she esteems."

"Weep not, my beloved wife! exert all your fortitude; ere the sun sets it may be cruelly exercised. All depends on this day; should Margaret triumph, alas! I fear for you; it is impossible to escape. I need not say, be all a mother can to our children; descendants of royalty, perhaps heirs of misery, tell them I fought, I bled to procure for them what was by right theirs. Had I plunged without reluctance into crimes, even now had I been seated on the throne; black and bloody would my name have then been handed down to posterity."

"Hear me, my dear lord," I cried; "should this sad presentiment of evil be fulfilled, grant me afresh your forgiveness; to me have you ever been merciful; even when my actions wore the appearance of guilt, you confined to your own breast your suspicions; for this was I ever grateful."

"Can

“Can I cease,” said he, “to regret the woes you sustained! Ah! why did I not sooner know the gallant count D’Aranjeus was your son!”

* * * * *

Ah, Matilda! as I retrace this miserable day, what scenes of horror rise to my mind! York wrung my hand at parting with a kind of agony. I gave Rutland to the care of D’Aranjeus; how gracefully did he receive the precious charge! what ardour glowed on their countenances!

I went to a window of the castle, I saw the brave troop march, then threw myself almost distracted on the floor of the apartment. I tried to exert that fortitude my husband had said would soon be so sadly exercised; alas! in vain were my endeavours! every act of kindness I had experienced rose with double force. Since the fatal mystery was cleared, in regard to my son, the duke had
shown

shown me all the respect, all the esteem, he felt for my character and misfortunes ; I reposed with confidence on his protecting kindness ; and though I was totally excluded from all his schemes of ambition, he freely unbosomed himself to me on all other subjects—a sure test of that regard he had for me, and that he thought me worthy to be called the mother of kings and princes, for so he fondly hoped were his children to be.

* * * *

Too soon I learnt the *white rose* fled before the bloody sign of Lancaster ; my heart shrunk within me. “Thy forebodings were prophetic, my dear lord,” I cried ; “alas ! we shall never again meet !”

The sad tidings reached me, the *red rose* was triumphant, the duke of York was slain ! In vain I inquired for my sons.

* * * *

“Yes,

“Yes, York, thy wife shall prove she is not unworthy of sharing thy name; she will not sink under her misery—she will not bend to swell the haughty queen’s triumph; for ever will I lament thy loss, but I will bear it outwardly with fortitude; I will wipe away those tears which Margaret would insult.”

Entering the castle—“Bring,” cried the haughty daughter of the count of Anjou, “bring hither the wife of York!”

I heard the mandate, and entered the presence of the queen with all the dignity I could assume. “To what purpose, Margaret,” I cried, “do you wish to see me? if to insult over my loss, over the woes your fell arts have caused, remember a day of retribution is at hand, when you may want the consolation you deny me.”

* * * * *

Not satisfied with those insults, the queen, irritated beyond all bounds with
my

my manner, ordered me to be put along with the other prisoners.

“Stand off!” I cried; “will Ralph of Raby, will Harry Percy suffer this?”

The earl of Westmoreland entered as I pronounced his name, and casting a look of reproachful anger on Margaret, led me into another apartment. With gentleness he informed me of the truth of my husband’s death, and that my brother Salisbury was a prisoner. “Rutland,” he said, “had been thrice preserved during the battle by a knight of wonderful valour, who fought by his side, nor quitted him till the duke was in danger, when he went to his defence; but ineffectual was his bravery—his efforts failed; for, overpowered by numbers, he fell by the side of York: both,” said my nephew, “ah! both lay cold on the fatal plain of Wakefield!”

Could I fail to recognise, in the bold defender of my husband, my son, the noble D’Aranjeus? yet I supported myself

self till I asked what became of the blooming Rutland.—“Lays he,” said I, “Westmoreland, also a breathless corpse by his father’s side?”

Yes, Matilda, I could have borne that ; but when my nephew said he was murdered, after the battle was over, in cold blood, by the savage Clifford, I fell lifeless at his feet.



“Think again how impossible is the request you make,” said Westmoreland ; “the field of battle is spread with the plunderers of the dead ; would you, my dear aunt, venture amidst those wretches ? think what scenes of horror you must encounter ! Ask not the bodies of York or Rutland ; that of the stranger knight I will procure to be interred ; I know where he fell ; the gold chain you speak of, and which, as you request, I shall preserve for you, will ascertain the body.”



In vain did I ask the earl to allow me but to view the lifeless bodies of my husband and the young Rutland.

“Behold,” said he, “the chain and locket taken from the stranger knight; his body shall rest in consecrated earth.”

Kindly would my nephew have concealed from me what was no longer in his power; a loud cry saluted my ears; I went to the window; the bloody queen, refining upon cruelty, had caused the head of the duke of York, crowned with paper, to be stuck upon a spear’s point, and brought beneath my window, the savages of the borders crying “Long live king Richard!”

Grief, rage, despair, and horror, seized my soul; all the fortitude my unhappy husband had urged, and I had so painfully exerted, fled; the blood gushed with violence out of my mouth and nostrils.

Again

* * * * *

Again I awoke to a sense of my situation, to a sad consciousness of misery. I was roused beyond myself—"Cruel and inhuman!" I exclaimed, as Margaret entered the apartment, "you may sue, as I might have done, and be, like as I would have been, refused; thou mayst, like me, see thy husband, thy child murdered—then, Margaret, may thou want that pity thou grantest not to me! then, proud dame, in vain may thou turn thy eyes round, vainly looking for, those friends thy arrogance, thy cruelty,* has converted into foes, into bitter enemies."

* * * * *

"Compose your griefs," said Neville and Percy; "it is on condition you are delivered to our care that our vassals proceed with the Lancastrians. You shall have a strong guard to Raby, where you may freely roain for a certain number of miles,

miles, which will not restrain you from visiting the castle of Barnard."

I set out, Matilda, attended by the vassals of lord Westmoreland, many of whom remembered me well the boast of the North; that blaze of beauty had vanished. The *Rose of Raby* returned to it, Matilda, after an absence of so many years, a prisoner.

I chose that apartment I had occupied in happier times, ere Salisbury knew ambition, when my father confined the fatal prophecy to his bosom, and I dreamed not of crowns, or that from me should descend kings and princes. Ah! it was that which raised the ambitious soul of Richard; which made my mother forbid the peaceful retreat I would have chosen after the death of my adored Beauchamp; this it was which gave me to York; this, and this alone, involved every hour after I knew it in misfortune.

I was separated from my children, and wandered over the park of Raby, the
ghost

ghost of my former self. * * * *

Sure, Matilda, my heart was grown callous by age and misery, or I could not have borne my sorrows, so fresh in my mind, in a place which recalled so many long-past events.

Every virtue of York bloomed in my memory ; connected as I was with chiefs attached to, or descended from, the house of Lancaster, sure his reserve to me was prudent ; the prophecy awakened his ambition, the times in which he lived stimulated it.

I had fastened round my neck, the chain and locket of donna Theresa, whose ill-fated offspring was extinct in my noble child, the last of his race. What an eventful life was his ! just at the time he was received as a son by the duke of York, acknowledged by my brother Salisbury, embraced as a brother by my amiable Edmund, and whilst I was fondly looking forward to days of comfort, did he fall defending (ah ! how ineffectually !)

effectually !) my lord, on the bloody plain of Wakefield !

Margaret had insisted upon my guards being of her appointing ; my own woman was alone suffered to remain with me. No news of my friends reached me at Raby. Spring advanced, and in spite of all I sustained, the lovely season threw a calm over my soul, and in my rambles I took a melancholy pleasure in retracing scenes long past. “ Here it was,” would I say to Bridget, “ did my sister Eleanor and I first behold Percy, an outcast from friends and fortune ; by the house of Lancaster they had been seized ; they also restored them ; alas ! fighting for them, at length his life was forfeited.”

Then I would wander to the scarce-visible remains of the Saxon castle, the retreat of the ruffians of lady Douglas. Where once stood the cell of lord Beauchamp, now bloomed an orchard ; there would I stand and reflect on the hours I spent when watching the declining age
of

of my father. My footsteps oft involuntarily strayed to the spot once crimsoned with the blood of Orleans; ah! how rash, how headstrong was his youth! how magnanimous his riper age! Still the lilies I had set in those days of youthful passion flourished; they had overspread a large plot of ground; the rose had withered, like her in whose memory Orleans had planted it. Oh! fatal was the badge to all I loved!

* * * * *

Meanwhile my son Edward had been enthroned at Westminster, although I knew not of it till the news reached Raby of the bloody defeat of the Lancastrians at Towton. Ah! the carnage of that dreadful day! then indeed were *the rivers of England red with blood*. Edward and Warwick, enraged, stung with fury at the barbarous treatment of the dead body of their father and friend, of the murder of (the brother of Edward)

the

the young Rutland, and of the earl of Salisbury, no quarter was given.

Why need I say to you how nearly related to me were most of the nobles who fell on that fatal day, when the parent lifted his arm against the life of his child, and when the father pleaded in vain to his children for mercy. Clifford, the inhuman Clifford, here met his fate, who murdered my beloved Edmund. Ah! here it was he fell fighting for the *red rose*, Percy earl of Northumberland, the son of my sister Eleanor; there fell also the earl of Westmoreland and his brother, my nephews; lord Dacre too here lost his life, with his son also, and my poor sister Philippa lived not to mourn the fatal day. Again I wept the bloody laurels of my son.

When the news reached Raby, all fled; I was left almost alone. What a reverse of fortune did I experience! a train, splendid as became the mother of a king, attended me from Raby to Fotheringay, where

where my daughters waited my arrival.

* * * * * Recollect you not, Matilda, the sickness which overcame me as Edward rode through the streets of London in triumph, when, as the air was rent with acclamations, my vision in the fatal ruin pressed on my mind? ah! was it not fulfilled?

* * * * *

Honours were heaped by Edward on his friends; my sons were created dukes of Clarence and of Gloucester; my brother Falconbridge, earl of Kent; sir John Neville, the son of the late earl of Salisbury, lord Montague.

Edward appointed Eotheringay for my residence; too near the court, for ever was I learning he was engaged in some fresh amour; yet, when he visited me, his winning address made me almost forget to chide him.

The arrival of queen Margaret in Northumberland gave a check to his
VOL. IV. L gaiety.

gaiety. At Hexham Levels was the queen defeated, and fled with her son, whilst soon after followed the battle of Hedgley Moor, where sir Ralph Percy, another of Elcanor's sons, lost his life. "Ah, mistaken chieftains of the North! dearly shall ye rue your attachment to the house of Lancaster!" said the vision to my father. Dearly indeed, Matilda! at Doncaster sir Ralph Grey, the son of my sister Alicia, was beheaded; and at Newcastle sir Humphrey Neville, my nephew also; whilst at Hexham, the duke of Somerset suffered the same fate. I begged and obtained interment for him near the remains of the once-fair Agnes Douglas.

About this period I heard of the king's marriage. At Reading was Elizabeth led to the abbey by the duke of Clarence and earl of Warwick, where she was declared queen; at those ill-starred nuptials I refused to assist.

* * * * *

Again,

Again, Matilda, had I to weep surviving my friends. The generous soul of Orleans could not brook the unmerited insult put upon him by the insidious Louis the Eleventh, who filled the throne of France; the noble heart of the duke could not stoop to indignity from his kinsman; he died, leaving one son, heir to his dukedom, who was yet a child. Ere his death the duke wrote to me:—

“CHERISH, Cicely, my memory; but should the remembrance of what I once was rise to it, pity me for being left so young my own governor. I ask not your pity that Heaven endued me with passions, with a sense of your perfections; but pity me, Cicely, that though I was endued with reason to govern them, that I suffered those turbulent passions to drive me almost to madness. Years of respectful attention since then

have elapsed—years of which you formed my first care, when, though far divided, I would have sacrificed every thing to serve you. Have those latter years effaced the former? Yes; Cicely would not now refuse the fatal scarf of Bidet should wrap the lifeless form of the once madly-enamoured

ORLEANS.”

What a country was England! A gay king, a luxurious court; the queen solicited, and Edward granted; honours and favours were heaped on the Woodvilles and Greys; the Nevilles resented her partial conduct, which raised thus a new nobility, whilst most of those whose ancient families claimed respect were sunk in poverty; even Holland, duke of Exeter, himself descended from royal blood, and married to my daughter Anne, lived upon charity. I would have privately supported him, but he refused my repeated

peated entreaties. "Ah, madam!" would he say, "shall I involve you in the ruin of the house of Lancaster, from which you are also descended?"

Vainly I chided the gay Anne, who preferred the splendour of her brother's court to following her husband into exile, and trying to alleviate his woes.

* * * * *

Severely I felt the pain of parting with my daughter Margaret, on her marriage with the heir of the duke of Burgundy.

* * * * * From you, Matilda, who then was at Calais with lady Warwick, did I first hear of the match between Clarence and Isabella. Warwick gave his daughter to my son, in hopes of bending him to aid his ambitious views; for disgusted with the pride of Elizabeth and her newly-raised relations, my nephews, the earl of Warwick and the marquis of Montague, resolved to pull down their power, or perish in the attempt.

Too soon had my giddy son forgot the hands that lifted him to the throne; requests which Warwick had made were refused, which were easily granted to the brothers of the queen. Almost the only favour of consequence I ever obtained for any friend I loved was the restoration of Harry Percy, the grandson of my beloved sister Eleanor, to his titles and estates, which Edward granted to my prayers. * * * * *

Ah! what future evils did I foresee, when I learnt Clarence, Warwick, all were in secret or open rebellion! the forces they had raised gave battle to those of the king at Banbury, who overcame their foes, and my nephew Latimer, who fought on the side of Warwick, was killed.

Clarence and Warwick found refuge at the court of the crafty Louis the Eleventh of France. There was also the enterprising Margaret, late queen of England, with her son prince Edward. Warwick gave his other daughter to
the

the prince, thus cementing an alliance with her whose chief enemy he had been; whilst Clarence, weak and misguided, gave his consent to the dethroning his brother, to whose succession he looked forward with pleasure, whilst Warwick's ambition expected gratification by ruling kings, the husbands of his daughters. Well might he be styled the KING-MAKER!

This alliance, which threatened so formidably, which was so scandalous on the part of Clarence, reached the ears of Edward; he visited me at Fotheringay. I need not recall it to your mind; it was then, you know, agreed you should visit the duchess of Clarence, over whom your exalted qualities had gained an ascendancy honourable for both.

"Go then," said I to you, my beloved Matilda, at parting, "tell the duke of Clarence, who never yet refused his inother a request, however trifling, that if he regards the blessing of a parent, to

desist from those rash engagements; let him not bring on his head my curses. Alas! would he heap fresh misery on this already-divided land?"

Deserted by the marquis of Montague, Edward's affairs became desperate; he left crown and kingdom, and fled before the approach of his enemy, Margaret of Anjou. Terrified, I took refuge with Elizabeth, who so late proudly overlooked all but her own friends at Westminster. My nephew Warwick visited me in the sanctuary—"Why should you," he cried, "fear—you who are so nearly allied to the heads of the Lancastrians, and who are descended from that royal house?"

"Ah, Warwick!" I replied, "how little do those ties avail, when every tie which binds society is broke! Have I not cause to dread Margaret? can I forget the bloody deeds at Wakefield, her cruelty at Sandall?"

"'Tis," replied the proud earl, "at the
peril

peril of every thing she prizes, should she dare to touch you whilst I am your protector. Return to Fotheringay; Margaret shall not come there. Think you, madam, I would have suffered the sister of the earl of Salisbury, the favourite daughter of the great earl of Westmoreland, my grandfather, to be carried a prisoner to Raby, as did Ralph Neville, submitting his honour to the daughter of René of Anjou? Ah! why have the heedless Edward and the proud Elizabeth drove me to league myself with your enemies!"

* * * * *

Though Lancaster was triumphant, and Henry seated on the throne so late filled by my son, who was now an exile from his kingdom, yet I lived in peace, protected by Warwick, who ruled every thing, nor dared Margaret disturb my retreat.

The effect, Matilda, of your secret ne-
L 5 gociation

gociation with Clarence and his duchess was soon visible; for when Edward landed in England, he was joined by his brother's forces, and again seated on the throne, whilst his rival, the weak and unfortunate Henry the Sixth, was confined to the Tower of London.

Soon after the sun of Warwick was eclipsed. Ah, ambitious chieftains! at Barnet both you and Montague lost your lives, fighting against him in whose cause you had spent so much blood and treasure!

Generous and brave, the immense estates of the earl of Warwick gave ample room for exercising his hospitality, which, joined to his gallant, frank, and affable demeanour, gained him the esteem of all ranks; his numerous retainers everywhere spread his fame; followed by crowds who were fed upon his bounty, the earl for years had been received with shouts and acclamations wherever he moved. Thus he became
giddy

giddy with power; how then could he suffer the pride of Elizabeth and her kinsmen, whose influence eclipsed him with Edward, whom he had raised to the throne? Rather than bear it, he madly tore open the unhealed wounds of his native land.

As I wept the fate of my nephews, I yet hoped their death might ensure peace. Too true was it, Matilda, whilst Richard Neville bore as his arms the bear and ragged staff, *England knew no peace!*

* * * * * After the defeat of queen Margaret at Tewkesbury, she was lodged in the Tower, from whence death had released her husband. Ah, Richard of Gloucester! what can efface thy bloody deeds? The young, the gallant prince Edward, the grandson of the conqueror of France—yes, the blood of Edward cried aloud for vengeance to Heaven, and it fell dreadfully, Matilda, at——

* * * * * Seldom did I visit the court, except on days of high ceremony.

England was at peace, its king and capital immersed in luxury. At this period, my Matilda, you went to Lumley, with your health apparently in a declining state, owing to the anxious share you had taken in all the troubles of lady Warwick and myself; Heaven has spared your life, has restored you to the prayers of your friends. At parting you asked what I could not refuse—the history of a long, long life; a life drawn out to that period when the holy psalmist says, “it is nought but sorrow and trouble;” alas! has mine known much besides?

Isabella, the duchess of Clarence, died soon after you went into the North; my daughter Margaret, now the widow of the duke of Burgundy, visited me privately in England, offering to procure, as wife to Clarence, her brother, Mary, the rich and lovely heiress of the dukedom of Burgundy, being the only child of the late duke by his first duchess. Clarence followed the duchess-dowager

to

to Flanders; Mary was auspicious to his suit; yet did the king of England, his brother, swayed by the aspiring Elizabeth, his wife, oppose the match, and propose Woodville earl of Rivers, her brother. Mary of Burgundy rejected the mean offer with merited disdain, whilst the States, irritated by the offered insult, forbade her to form any alliance with an English prince.

Mortified, provoked at the unkindness of his brother, which was further shown by the execution of Burdett, Clarence defied the king, who sent him to the Tower. He was tried. Ah! in vain did I plead, Matilda, for my son to his brother, who openly accused him. Again was the Tower stained with the blood of the Plantagenets.

Rash and unsteady in his projects, the unguarded temper of Clarence laid him open to the designs of pretended friends. Warm in those attachments which he wanted prudence properly to form, he
fell

fell lamented by those whom his kindness protected, mourned most deeply by his immediate dependants. Ill was he suited to cope with the dark, designing Gloucester, who, working upon the pride of Edward, wrought the fall of the unsuspecting Clarence.

Edward visited me, after the death of his brother—"Tell him," I said, "the mother of the duke of Clarence cannot behold the murderer of her son without cursing him."

I refused to appear at court till I was sent for to view the deathbed of the king.—"Forgive me," said the dying penitent, "my mother! Alas! bred amidst scenes of blood and slaughter, I was early inured to cruelty; steeled to mercy by the barbarous deeds of each contending rose, when quietly seated on the throne, I forgot I must one day answer to the King of kings for my deeds on earth; I forgot I was to be the protector of the land I governed—all, I vainly thought,

was

was created for my use. Ah, my mother! pray for me! Alas! on the head of my helpless children the blood of my brother, so wantonly shed, may be deeply avenged! a long list of bloody names rises to my mind, and cries to Heaven for vengeance! Ah! shall the sins of the parent be visited on the children!"

Scarcely ever did my soul feel a pang so bitter as when visited by Richard of Gloucester, whilst yet my eyes were red with weeping the early death of Edward, who, ever feeling and acknowledging an affection for me, treated me with respect even when refusing those requests I oft urged ineffectually on the side of mercy—it was done with a degree of tenderness Richard never felt, never pretended to feel—ah! why in its wrath did Heaven make me a mother, bringing into the world a child who so wantonly traduced my fame!

"Acknowledge," said the wicked wretch to me, "you were false to my father's

father's bed; repair, if in your power, your faults, by owning Edward and Clarence were equally the offspring of your adulterous shame; do this, and I will settle on you added estates to those you enjoy; nay more, I will secure to the children of Edward the honours and estates of York, of right mine."

I was petrified. Struck with astonishment at this unaccountable proposition, putting my fingers in my ears, I cried—"Hush, thou viper! accursed was the hour I gave thee birth! thou sure wert sent as a curse to me! a curse was thou given to this miserable country! a curse, an overpowering one, wilt thou prove to the house of York! I will not hear thy odious slanders! what do they mean? mad wretch! dost thou think they will be believed?"

"Nay," he cried, "you shall hear me! Behold, madam, this! know you it not? this—" pulling from his bosom the rich, the fatal gift of the generous Orleans.

I started

I started as I saw it, supposing it lost when I was taken prisoner at Sandall Castle by Margaret of Anjou. Opening the secret spring, the ruby heart was disclosed. "What would you," said I, "Richard, infer from this?"

"Only," he replied, "madam," bowing sarcastically, "I presume this was a present from some of your lovers when you were in England, the duke my father in France; gifts such as this are not given by mean men; a princess's virtue might, it is true, yield to it. Margaret seized it at Sandall with your wardrobe, and presented it to your niece, Anne Neville, upon her marriage with her son Edward; when I became the husband of Anne, this I also became possessed of, and carefully preserved as a testimony of your—*innocence*."

Till then, Matilda, was delayed the accomplishment of the vision, which said, *the death of my son should stain the fair fame of his mother*. Richard unfolded

to my view the piece of embroidery worked at Bidet, with the arms of the Nevilles, and which I knew was once in possession of the count D'Aranjeus. Fatally had my unhappy son preserved it amidst shipwreck and slavery.

"You," said Gloucester, "may perhaps also ask what I would infer from this, which, after the battle of Wakefield, was found in the possession of the person whom you interested yourself for, that was slain on that day; a page of the duke of York gave it me, as being your arms and work; witness the name half finished in the corner. This I guess had been given to this favourite, perhaps at Wigmore. He is mentioned here (pointing to a bundle of papers); you know this writing, madam?"

"Yes, yes, Richard, it is that of my husband, the duke of York, who scorned the crooked paths thou treadest in, degenerate wretch, the scourge of thy race! thou who hast yet to bring the
grey

grey hairs of thy mother with sorrow to the grave."

Those were letters, Matilda, of the duke of York, written to the confidential servant, who was my constant attendant, who dying suddenly at the castle of Barnard, had deposited, as in a place of security, those papers in a spot where they had lain unseen till Richard, by his marriage with the fair heiress of Warwick, became possessed of this castle. Those letters contained all the jealous suspicions of the duke; though the name of Orleans and every other was erased, yet sufficient evidence was left that my lord had grounds for his jealousy; as the meeting with Orleans at Fotheringay, my fainting at Pontoise, the appearance of D'Aranjeus at Wigmore, the fatal meeting in the neighbourhood of Rouen—all was mentioned; nor was my insanity when confined in Barnard Castle forgotten.

"Too true," said I, "Richard," as I calmly

calmly returned to him the letters, “ the duke had reason, from the circumstances here mentioned, to suspect the fidelity of his wife, who never swerved from the duty she owed him ; yet, for the sake of his children, did he conceal those suspicions ; except the person to whom these papers are addresssd, none ever knew them. Long ere his death did my lord acknowledge my innocence, making all the reparation in his power ; nor have the arrows of scandal ever dared to point at my fair fame till now, when they are sharpened by an ungrateful child. Go then, vile monster ! stain, asperse the character of her who gave you being ! your tales will revert with double fury on your own head ; my life is the best evidence ; nor have I, by attaching myself to party, or fomenting the troubles of this wretched land, created myself enemies.” * * * * *

I resolved Matilda, not to inform Richard it was my son the duke had so long imagined

imagined was my lover, as then no evidence existed of any nature that I ever was either married or had a child ere I was united to his father. I trusted in God, in my innocence, in the unsullied purity of my name; nor was I deceived; for when Richard, cruel and unnatural, sounded, at St. Paul's Cross, by doctor Shaw, the minds of the people regarding me, he was received with hisses.

Shortly after, he was going by water to Lambeth, to consult, he said, the archbishop on affairs of importance, when, stepping out of a boat, his foot slipped, and a bundle of papers he held dropped into the Thames. Thus did Providence interfere, as it were visibly; for a piece of embroidered silk wrapped round, assured me, when I heard of it, they were the letters of the duke. * * * * *

Ah, Richard! what did royalty avail thee! short-lived was thy power! Thy conscience thou vainly tried to still by the dream of grandeur thou hadst waded through

through seas of blood to obtain! seated on a throne, with a breast corroded by care, thy aching heart cursed the thorns which lined that coronet thou fancied, ere obtained, filled with down! Yet soon thou hadst no heir to inherit the station thou hadst taken such pains to curse thyself to obtain. Ah! when Edward, his only child, expired at Middleham, sure then the infant blood he had spilt sat heavy on his perjured soul! Ah! sure, sure, Matilda, never mother was so unhappy in her offspring as I have been! * * * * *

Broken-hearted by the loss of her hopeful child, and the unkind treatment of her husband, the gentle queen Anne ceased to suffer. As I wept her wayward fate, each loved friend whose death I had deplored rose to my mind.

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When the news reached me of the defeat of king Richard at Bosworth, I did
not

not mourn I had lost a son ; but I was humbled before the Ruler of the world, who had made me a mother, who gave Richard as a scourge for the crimes of the race of Plantagenets, of whom perhaps he was the last destined to fill the throne of England. Alas ! he overthrew every tie of kindred, every moral duty, to obtain the envied seat ; alas ! he scrupled not to brand me with every shameful name.

When I swore to Edward to protect his children, I hoped to have been able to fulfil my oath. It became a common cause to save the innocent daughter of my son ; I leagued with Elizabeth to deceive Richard.

* * * * *

“ I should live,” said the prophetic vision, “ till I saw *the white rose twined around the red.*” That is accomplished, Matilda ; Elizabeth, the lovely heiress of the house of York, is united to Harry Tudor,

Tudor, the heir of Lancaster, who was the son of Margaret, the last heiress of the dukes of Somerset, and niece to my mother. Ah! did Richmond inherit her virtues! but close, reserved, his heart feels not the merits, opens not to the gentle virtues of my beloved granddaughter.

My life draws to an end; haste, my dearest friend! a little longer you will not behold me. Come, Matilda, and close those eyes from which you have so long been absent. Haste and see Elizabeth of York seated on a throne which shall descend to her posterity for ever! Still you will love her, as you used fondly to say, in face, person, and temper, she so strongly resembled your

CICELY.

THE END.

